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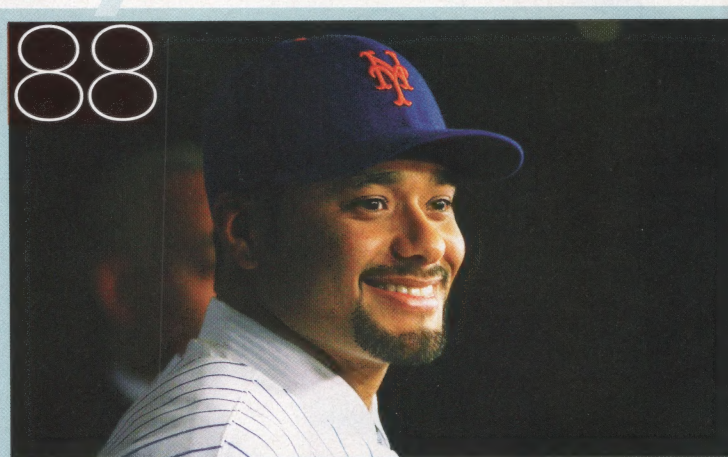
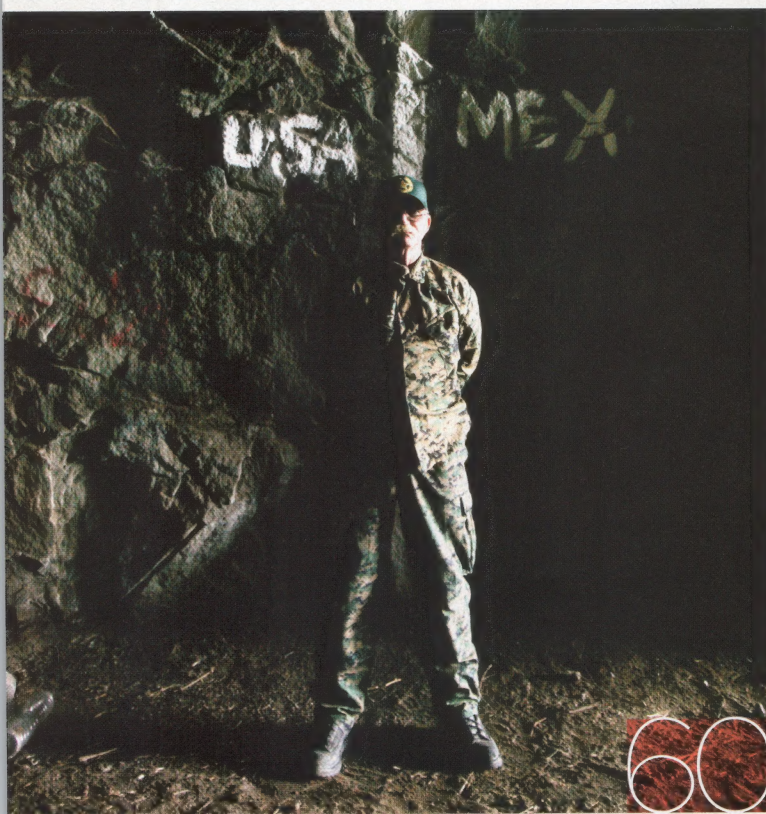
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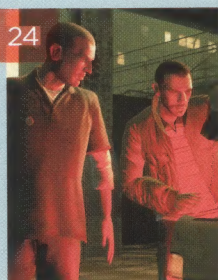
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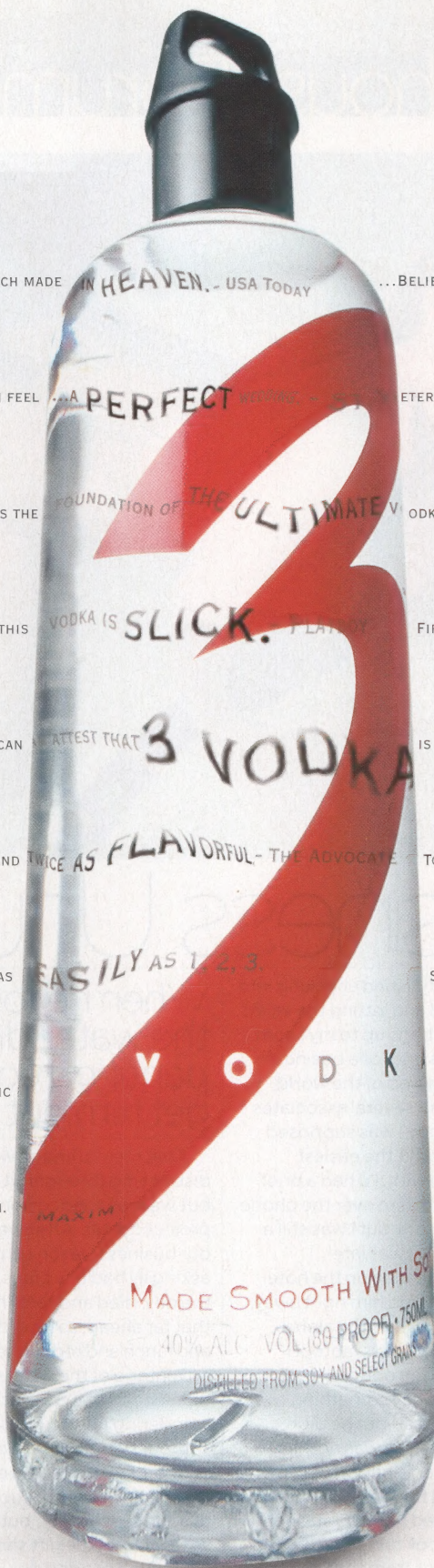
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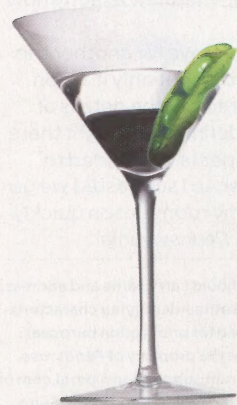
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LESS UNMATCHED BY ANY OTHER VODKA...YOU'LL FIND THAT 3 IS TRULY TRIPLE SMOOTH. ...A SMOOTHER VODKA...TH



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ASK FOR IT
BY NUMBER
NO CARBS

JUDGING BY THE BUZZ, WE'VE CLEARLY MADE A GOOD IMPRESSION.



Business Unusual

I had just finished checking into my hotel and letting the valet take my bags up to my room.

I was 20 minutes late for a business meeting. Not the end of the world, but I'd heard from several associates that Jason, the guy I was supposed to meet with, wasn't the easiest guy to get along with. I'd had a brief conversation with him over the phone and he seemed cool, but I was still a little anxious. And I was late!

We'd agreed to meet in the hotel lounge, and I spotted him right away. He was the only guy sitting alone in a corner, typing on his laptop. I walked over and introduced myself, expecting him to say something about my tardiness—but he didn't. When he stood up, he was nothing like I had imagined—tall, broad shouldered, and fine-looking, with dark cropped hair and strong features. We shook hands, and while he cleared his files from the table and shut down his computer, I took the opportunity to really check him out. When I noticed the bulge in his pants, all I could think was if the package looked that good after he'd been working on a spreadsheet, how good would it look rock-hard and ready?

When he rose up out of the water, dripping and panting, I couldn't wait to get him out of his trunks.

That mental image was enough to distract me throughout the meeting, but we managed to iron out all of the project details. After we'd concluded our business, Jason surprised me by asking if I had any plans for the rest of the day. I lied and said I hadn't thought that far ahead, so he ordered drinks and lunch and recommended we take advantage of the hotel's hot tub. I didn't need any convincing. I had been wondering how to get Jason alone without being too obvious.

After lunch, we agreed to change and meet by the hot tub. I hadn't brought a swimsuit, but I picked up a sexy bikini in the gift shop that fit me perfectly. I headed down to the pool area—the only person in sight was Jason. When he stood up to help me into the tub, I scored another look at his bulge and was wet before I even entered the water. If this continued, I wouldn't have to worry about getting him up to my room.

Jason handed me a drink, and while we talked I leaned back and closed my eyes, letting the jet streams send hot surges throughout my body. I felt so at ease with Jason that when he linked his fingers with mine, I clasped his hand and gently pulled him toward me. Then he pulled the strings on my top and put his hands on my breasts, artfully teasing my nipples. I grabbed his waist, pulled him close, and started kissing the hell out of him.

After he lifted me up and sat me on the edge of the hot tub, I helped him pull down my bottom. He slid down, spread my legs, and drove his tongue into my pussy. It felt like heaven, especially when he focused on my clit, but what I really had in mind was a good workout with his big cock. He was totally into eating my pussy and I had to beg him to fuck me. When he rose up out of the water, dripping and panting, I couldn't wait to get him out of his trunks. His cock was even bigger than I'd imagined, but I was so wet and so horny, I knew I could take every inch of him.

I lay back and he lowered himself on top of me. I grabbed his cock, placing the head at my entrance, and he pushed into me. I wrapped my legs around his hips to pull him in even deeper and felt the first wave of pleasure hit me. It felt fantastic. And when he thrust into me with hard, steady strokes, I thought I'd never felt anything so intense. I was building up to another orgasm when he suddenly pulled back, flipped me around, and grabbed my hips to take me doggie-style. He reached down and started rubbing my clit while fucking me with his perfect cock. I couldn't contain myself any longer and yelled out, "I'm coming! Don't stop! Please, don't stop!" I felt him share the same level of orgasmic pleasure. I'd never had such intense sex. It wasn't just that Jason had a big cock—he knew exactly how to use it.

I was due to leave for another trip the following day, but only if Jason and I had figured out the details of the project. I definitely thought there were some aspects we needed to explore further, so I suggested we go over them in my room. Jason quickly agreed.—L.S., Pennsylvania

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AND TARA MAKES THREE

One Friday night, my girlfriend Tara and I were on our way to a club when she suggested we stop by to see if her friend Renee wanted to come with us. Renee was between boyfriends and Tara thought a night of clubbing would be better for her than sitting alone at home. I had no objections, so we stopped at Renee's. Then, after waiting about 45 minutes while Tara helped Renee get dressed, we were on our way.

It was chilly that night, so I asked Tara why she and Renee were wearing short skirts. Tara said it was because it got so warm in the nightclub. Only later would I find out the real reason.

Tara and Renee both love to dance, so I was constantly on the floor. Either I danced with them one-on-one or they sandwiched me between them, grinding against me from the front and the back. It wasn't that I couldn't handle the action, but I was getting a hard-on and didn't think I could do anything about it at the club. After only a couple of hours, I was ready to call it a night.

I went out and warmed up the car before picking Tara and Renee up at the entrance. When Tara got in the backseat with Renee, I thought they just wanted to share gossip—until two thongs landed on the front seat. Suddenly I wasn't tired at all. I turned on the interior light and angled the rearview mirror to see what was happening. Tara and Renee had their skirts hiked up, their legs spread wide, and their fingers in each other's pussy! I mean, I knew they were close, but I had no idea how close!

My cock immediately sprang to attention as I watched them reach over my shoulder and spread their juices over my lips to taste. I wasn't sure exactly what the girls had planned, but I hoped this was just a preview of things to come.

Once home, the three of us headed straight to the bedroom, where Tara and Renee quickly stripped off their clothes and lay down on the bed.

Tara and Renee had their skirts hiked up, their legs spread wide, and their fingers in each other's pussy!

They're both beautiful, curvaceous brunettes with big round tits and large dark-brown nipples, but it was Renee's shaved pussy that commanded my undivided attention.

"I told you he'd be into this," Tara said as she pulled down my boxers and freed my cock. Tara and I had talked about a threesome, but I didn't think we'd ever really do it. I was so excited I didn't know who I wanted to do first. Actually, I did—Renee with her smooth snatch. After all, she was our guest. But being a bit of a voyeur, I wanted to see Tara get Renee good and wet for me, so I told Tara to give Renee a little tongue action.

Tara asked Renee if she was all right with that, and Renee's answer was to pull Tara down on top of her for a kiss. Tara continued kissing her way down Renee's body, pausing along the way to nuzzle her neck, tits, and belly button as Renee squirmed and moaned under her. Moving down between Renee's legs, Tara moved her lips gingerly over Renee's pussy before plunging her tongue deep inside. When Renee cried out and pulled Tara's face tight to her snatch, I had to remind Tara to share.

Tara did just that, dipping her fingers in Renee and spreading her juices over my lips. "You are really going to enjoy going down on her, honey," she said. "But I guess that's not first on your to-do list."

How right she was! I couldn't wait another minute. I slowed my breathing and positioned myself between Renee's legs. If I didn't get myself under control, it would all be over after a couple of thrusts, so I took my time and inched my way inside until I was buried to the hilt. I moved as slowly as I could, which wasn't easy—Renee was moaning and urging me on and Tara was tickling my balls.

I really wanted to make it last, but lust won out. Everything happened at once. As Renee's muscles tensed around my cock and Tara's hot tongue lapped at my balls, I lost the battle with slow and easy. Hard and deep came next, and before I knew it, I was pumping what felt like unending amounts of jizz into Renee.

The night didn't end there. I took time out to recharge for round two, which was even more incredible—but that's another story!—C.J., Minnesota

More letters on page 142

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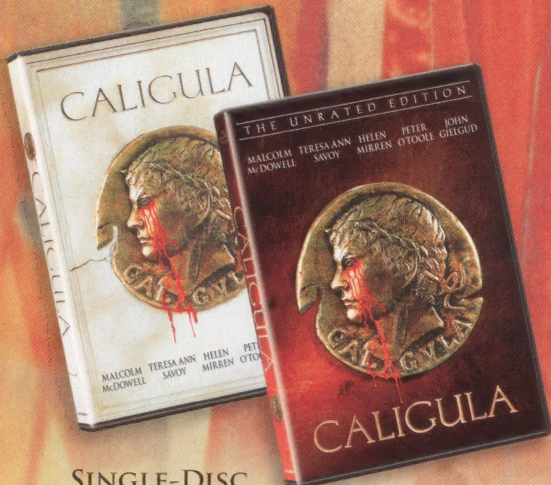
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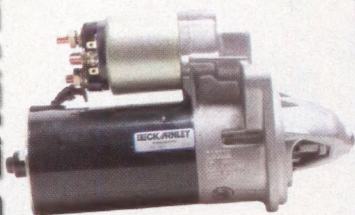


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World's Most Valuable Timepiece Disappears

Back in 1933, the single most important watch ever built was engineered for a quiet millionaire collector named Henry Graves. It took over three years and the most advanced horological technique to create the multifunction masterpiece. This one-of-a-kind watch was to become the most coveted piece in the collection of the Museum of Time near Chicago. Recently this ultra-rare innovation was auctioned off for the record price of \$11,030,000 by Sotheby's to a secretive anonymous collector. Now the watch is locked away in a private vault in an unknown location. We believe that a classic like this should be available to true watch aficionados, so Stauer replicated the exact Graves design in the limited edition Graves '33.

The antique enameled face and Bruguet hands are true to the original. But the real beauty of this watch is on the inside. We replicated an extremely complicated automatic movement with 27 jewels and seven hands. There are over 210 individual parts that are assembled entirely by hand and

then tested for over 15 days on Swiss calibrators to ensure accuracy. The watches are then inspected in the United States upon their arrival.

What makes rare watches rare?

Business Week states it best... "It's the complications that can have the biggest impact on price." (*Business Week*, July, 2003). The four interior complications on our Graves™ watch display the month, day, date and the 24 hour clock graphically depicts the sun and the moon. The innovative engine for this timepiece is powered by the movement of the body as the automatic rotor winds the mainspring. It never needs batteries and never needs to be



27 jewels and 210 hand-assembled parts drive this classic masterpiece.

manually wound. The precision crafted gears are "lubricated" by 27 rubies that give the hands a smooth sweeping movement. And the watch is tough enough to stay water resistant to 5 atmospheres. The movement is covered by a 2-year warranty.

Not only have we emulated this stunning watch of the 1930s but just as surprising, we've been able to build this luxury timepiece for a spectacular price. Many fine

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Apocalypse Always

With *Doomsday* out now, the end is still as near as your local movie theater.

By Joshua Rothkopf

FullFrontal FLICKS

REEL DANGER

Destroying the planet never goes out of style in Hollywood, and we're not talking about the upcoming *Sex and the City* movie. No, we're all goners in downbeat fare like last winter's *I Am Legend*, and the monster mash *Cloverfield* left viewers wondering how exactly they would ditch a super-annoying cameraman while crossing town in pursuit of a hot hookup. Now *Doomsday* continues the global death march with a virus wasting most of the population of Scotland—and that's just the prologue. Decades later, the plague has escaped its walled-off containment and it's up to humanity (or, more accurately, warrior babe Rhona Mitra) to come up with some answers. All these postapocalyptic productions got us wondering: If the end of the world arrived today, would we feel ... fine? And what tips might these flicks offer to make us feel finer? Raiding the cinematic bunkers of the past, we offer you this handy survival guide. Tear it out, laminate it, and keep it somewhere dry and radiation-proof. Good luck!

Doomsday features a virus wasting most of Scotland—and that's just the prologue.



Appetite for Destruction

Interested in surviving the end of the world? Watch these four flicks to learn how.

A BOY AND HIS DOG (1975)

After a nuclear war has destroyed the planet, a secret society rules the underground.

DRESSED TO KILL Our hero, a pre-*Miami Vice* Don Johnson, knows not from pastel suits and sockless togs yet. Here, it's grubby-coat time. Which leads us to wonder about these postapocalyptic films: Why is everyone wearing brown blankets fashioned

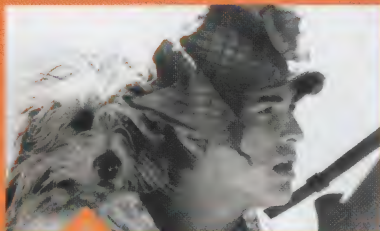
into crude outfits? How did so many brown blankets survive the end?

SECRET WEAPON

Don's got a telepathic dog named Blood who sniffs out predators and, more crucially, female companionship.

WHAT'S FOR DINNER?

Cans of beets are misread as "peaches" by an illiterate populace. Ultimately, the film's last supper is too grisly to reveal here. Let's just say Don's a winner. But you already knew that.



DAWN OF THE DEAD (1979)

In a zombified future, hardy survivors hole up in a fully stocked shopping mall. Life goes on, and not without pleasure. This classic satire still rocks the fright meter.

DRESSED TO KILL It's the seventies, so we're talking military jumpsuits and lots of corduroy. But hey, you're

in a mall. Go shopping. And yes, there is a gun store. Sweet.

SECRET WEAPON The mall itself. If you're near one, try to take it over by force. Our heroes happen to have a helicopter as well, allowing them a final escape route if necessary.

WHAT'S FOR DINNER? Occasionally they cook or steal huge wheels of cheese from specialty shops: *Mangia!* Just make sure the menu doesn't call for any human flesh—like your own.



MAD MAX 2: THE ROAD WARRIOR (1981)

Arguably the most beloved postapocalypse flick. The likable Mel Gibson (long before his unfortunate anti-Semitic rant) tools around a depopulated Australia that's thirsty for oil reserves gone dry. The result? Total anarchy. **DRESSED TO KILL** If you're going it alone in a desert deathscapes,



RESIDENT EVIL (2002)

Unjustly dismissed as a videogame knockoff, this extremely stylish nightmare pits a disease-ravaged future against long-legged runway model Milla Jovovich. Guess who we're pulling for?

DRESSED TO KILL In the spirit of political correctness, we prefer

to call Jovovich "pants-challenged" and support her in that decision. Her character's fire-engine-red minidress is the perfect outfit for kicking zombie

SECRET WEAPON Milla boasts some secret military training that she's only coming to rediscover after a bout with amnesia. Her gifts include expert target shooting and somber line delivery.

WHAT'S FOR DINNER? Again, don't be dinner.

leather chaps might seem torturous. But they send the right message: Don't step to me. When the crazy kids in Mohawks roll up, they won't seem so scary. **SECRET WEAPON** Hidden in Max's car: a bomb that blows tamperers sky-high. Sure, no more car. But no more tamperers either. **WHAT'S FOR DINNER?** Max can be seen feasting on a can of dog food (much to his canine companion's chagrin). Get used to unusual sides and combos.

In the future, showering will be a rare treat. And judging by all these bare midriffs, clothes will be scarce, too. Hey, maybe it won't be so bad after all.



Vision Quest

When six blind Tibetan teens reached Everest's summit, they conquered much more than the mountain.

BLINDSIGHT

Erik Weihenmayer, Sabriye Tenberken

It started with an e-mail from a German schoolteacher for the blind working in the Tibetan Himalayas to an American adventurer she admired who was stationed in the Colorado Rockies. Out of that unlikely connection sprang an even more unlikely documentary: *Blindsight*, the remarkable story of six blind Tibetan teenagers and their quest to climb one of the world's tallest mountains.

The dramatic backdrop of their story is not only the spectacular vistas of the Himalayas, but also the society in which the children live. The blind are shunned and openly scorned in Tibet, as many Tibetans believe that blindness is evidence of demonic possession or punishment for sins in a past life. Several of the kids in the film have been hidden away for years in their own homes, and one was sold at age ten to a Chinese couple who forced him to beg in the streets.

Given the opportunity to make history—and a statement to their countrymen—by climbing the 23,000-foot Lhakpa Ri on the north side of Mount Everest, the teens take to it with implacable determination. In addition to the film's account of the dangerous three-week ascent, we get bracingly heartfelt portraits of each student and their extraordinary leaders: Weihenmayer was the first



blind person to summit Everest, and Tenberken is the founder of Braille Without Borders, Tibet's first school for the blind. Their e-mail correspondence set this story in motion, and though their ideas of what the journey is about clash on a fundamental level, they each deliver the same life-changing message to the young mountaineers. Fourteen-year-old Dachung heard it clearly: "When I climb, I show that blind people can do the same as sighted people do. I have no fear."

Given the opportunity to make history by climbing the 23,000-foot Lhakpa Ri on the north side of Mount Everest, the teens take to it with implacable determination.

They've got the silver, they've got the gold. A Scorsese concert film on the Rolling Stones proves it's still only rock 'n' roll—and we still like it.



SHINE A LIGHT

The Rolling Stones

Legendary lens craftsman Martin Scorsese owes the Rolling Stones plenty. (If you need reminding why, consider those awesome sequences in *Mean Streets*, *Goodfellas*, and *Casino* where Mick and the band take the action up several notches). The favor is now repaid with this invigorating concert film captured at New York City's Beacon Theater in October 2006—a wholesome corrective to the horrors of their 1970 concert doc *Gimme Shelter*, in which a concertgoer was stabbed at Altamont Speedway. Fans of Scorsese's meditative *Mean Streets* and explosive *The Departed* won't see much of the director's distinctive style here. Rather, he gets out of the way of the band, letting 40 years of legendary rock and showmanship do the talking. The Stones definitely rise to the occasion, especially during a stellar version of "Sympathy for the Devil," when the crowd and the cosmos become their playthings.

—Joshua Rothkopf

PREVIEWS

FORGETTING SARAH MARSHALL

Jason Segel, Kristen Bell, Paul Rudd, Jonah Hill

If all the supporting geeks from *Knocked Up* get their own star vehicles, we won't exactly complain. Look how well it turned out for Jonah Hill and *Superbad*, after all. This time it's Jason Segel's turn, transitioning from one of Seth Rogen's sleazier roommates to *FSM*'s sad-sack Peter, freshly dumped and taking his desperation to stalker extremes. Unable to get over his scorch-tastic TV-star girlfriend (Bell), Peter drowns his sorrows at a Hawaiian resort where, unbeknownst to him, his ex has her own vacation plans—along with some intimate company. Awkward! This gig is justly earned; Segel has the comedic chops to become another Vince Vaughn. —J.R.



HAROLD AND KUMAR ESCAPE FROM GUANTÁNAMO BAY

Kal Penn, John Cho, Rob Corddry

Go ahead and laugh, but the first H&K installment was that rarest of things: a bona fide stoner classic. Even if you don't habitually blaze, the whip-smart banter between uptight Harold (John Cho) and laid-back Kumar (Kal Penn) deserves a special place on the skull-bong-propped shelf, right next to the work of Msrs. Cheech and Chong. This time, on their way to Amsterdam in pursuit of Harold's crush Maria, the duo can't help but fire up in the lavatory. Funny how similar "bong" sounds to "bomb"—and how an Asian and an Indian can raise the panic levels of terrified (and, yes, white) co-passengers. Needless to say, the new film plays up the racial humor that made the original so unexpectedly sharp. The trailer is already a "red-band" rated R: for drugs, nudity, and, presumably, the kind of anti-square political satire we could all use a hit of now and then. —J.R.



LEATHERHEADS

George Clooney, Renée Zellweger, John Krasinski

These days, between *Syriana* and *Michael Clayton*, George Clooney has become Mr. Serious. We miss the *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* goof-ball. Happily, the star can't let his formerly fun self go: His first job behind the camera since directing the critically acclaimed *Good Night, and Good Luck* is a rough-and-tumble comedy about the early, uncertain days of 1920s pro football. Clooney plays a coach making irreverent plays on the field—and also for cub reporter Renée Zellweger. The vibe is zany screwball, à la *Slap Shot* or *Bull Durham*, more so than any other sports movie in recent history. Here's hoping Clooney makes it a habit to throw a Hail Mary once in a while and go for joke. —J.R.



On their way to Amsterdam in pursuit of a crush, Harold and Kumar can't help but fire up in the plane's lavatory.



Katy Perry

The heaven-sent pop vixen is back—hopefully this time it's for keeps.

At just 23 years of age, Southern California native Katy Perry has already endured a career's worth of ups and downs. In 2004 she was lauded as the next big thing in popettes, but when she had no new product to move, the press moved on. Then at the end of last year the ballsy, big-voiced singer released her sultry kiss-off single, "Ur So Gay," and critics and fans immediately came calling again. Which is good, as they're just in time to catch Perry this summer on the Warped Tour. And the truly beautiful part? She's a real-life hot-as-hell minister's daughter. Our prayers have finally been answered.

Okay, so "Ur So Gay"—that's not really about sexual orientation, huh?
It's about every ex I've had. And it's about the emo scene and the guys in it who use guyliner—

—and steal your jeans?

That sums up the whole song! It's about the guys who wear the same jeans as their girlfriends.

Are you done with super-skinny emo dudes, then?

I have a weakness for musicians. Sometimes they're skinny, sometimes they're not. It doesn't matter what size they come in as long as they inspire me. A guy who can sing and write a song about how he feels? And have the whole world hear it? It's amazing.

Growing up, your parents were traveling ministers and you started your singing career in church. How did you rebel?

I got suspended at school by one of the guys from Toad the Wet Sprocket. He was the recess teacher.

What did you do to deserve that?

Just stupid shit. It was a private Christian school, so you'd get caught for anything. Of course,

I was always walking a fine line. But I didn't rebel to rebel.

Not even through music?

I was raised in a somewhat strict household, but my mom let me listen to Billie Holiday and Ella Fitzgerald. I remember bringing home my first secular CD—Incubus's *Make Yourself*. I smuggled it into my bag, went into my room, and put a comforter under my door so my parents couldn't hear anything. It was like smoking pot. I pulled the disc out and it broke in two. I was like, "This is like the Ten Commandments! I'll never do this again!"

"I got suspended at school by one of the guys from Toad the Wet Sprocket. He was the recess teacher."

You once said you embrace your flaws. What do they include?

I'm not a very good speller. Sometimes I'll take sayings, like It's raining cats and dogs, and use them in entirely wrong contexts. Sometimes I'm a little clumsy. I'm no different than any other girl, but I'm a little louder and more obnoxious.

Would you say you're one of those women who don't like other girls?

I get along a little better with guys. For some reason I feel kind of competitive with girls. Last summer we were at a pool party and all the girls were tanning. I was tanning, too, but the guys were all jumping off the roof into the pool. They were like, "We want a girl to jump off the roof!" I jumped because none of the other girls would do it.

Speaking of other girls, you once released an album as Katy Hudson. I did when I was really young. It was a





"I have a weakness for musicians. It doesn't matter what size they come in as long as they inspire me."

very small independent-type thing and it didn't really ever fly, which is fine. But I don't really like people knowing about it. I can imagine the headline: "Katy Perry or Katy Hudson?"

Is that why you changed your name?

I changed my name because everyone was like, "Kate Hudson? Are you guys sisters?" I'm like, "Yeah, if my mom named both of us Katy Hudson, that'd be retarded!" I'm not related to her! She's not my sister. I just changed it because it got old. There's only one Kate Hudson and there's only one Katy Perry. 



Disco Inferno

Pop-punk hit machines Panic at the Disco channel their inner Sgt. Pepper

With their 2006 debut album, *A Fever You Can't Sweat Out*, these four Sin City emo-ists seduced the world with catchy cabaret-dipped singles and outrageous videos. The record went platinum and they were duly crowned undisputed indie-rock champs. For their follow-up, the orchestrally enhanced *Pretty Odd.*, they holed up at the famed Abbey Road studio in London and put Tom Petty, Creedence Clearwater Revival, and, of course, the Beatles on heavy rotation. *Penthouse* rang lead singer Brendon Urie to inquire about everything from punctuation to pornomimes.

***Pretty Odd.* sounds extremely different from your debut. What do you attribute that to?**

We were 17 years old when we did that first record. We were poor and angry at the world and had to work crappy jobs, so that's the record which resulted from it. I guess this one was more informed by what we've learned over the past three years—which isn't much, but whatever. It's just the next organic step that we've decided to take with the band.

The new album seems inspired by the Beatles' psychedelic period.

If people take away from it that it's Beatles-esque then I think of that as a compliment. It's very flattering, since on the first record we were compared to Fall Out Boy, so I guess the Beatles are a much bigger step up from that. [Laughs]

You guys like pushing the envelope—I'm thinking of the "pornomime" in a video from the first record—which has led some people to speculate that you are gay.

It isn't a totally off suggestion or anything. The stuff we put out is pretty flamboyant.

Why do you think people are obsessed with your sexual orientation?

I don't know. I think people *want* us to be gay; that's why they keep suggesting that we *are* gay. You create your own experience, but regardless of what you believe, it's not going to happen. I think we're all straight to my knowledge.

Now for an even more pressing question—why did the band drop the exclamation point from their name?

Well, I didn't really see it as a fifth band member, but I guess it is a huge loss. Honestly ... we had never really given much thought about it. We just put it in there one time when we wrote it on the Internet, and people just started writing it like that.



PANIC AT THE DISCO

Pretty Odd.

Fueled by Ramen
(2008)

Penthouse pick:
"The Green Gentleman"

"We were 17 years old when we did that first record. We were poor and angry at the world that we had to work crappy jobs. This one [reflects] what we've learned over the past three years—which isn't much, but whatever."



Do you foresee being sick of answering that question in every interview for the next five years?

No, it's funny. I think it's awesome how much hype is going around about the exclamation point.

There's a lot of sexual imagery in your music and videos. Are you ever concerned about the younger fans or what parents will think?

You can't ever really control what people will think of your music, so if parents choose to get mad at any of

our lyrics or sexual imagery, then I guess it can't really be helped—but it can be encouraged, right? No, I'm just kidding... or am I?

That said, what's your stance on autographing a girl's boob?

I will sign anything that is put in front of me.

FILTHY FOLK // BY BRIAN O'CONNOR

A Mighty Raunchy Wind

Folk hasn't been this fun since Dylan went electric

New York City singer-songwriter Cock Lorge wants to restore rock's original message: Sex is good and worth singing about. Take "Cock in the Pussy," a tuneful acoustic mantra from his three-year-old *I Want You* debut. "Balls Deep" followed, and soon, similarly libidinous songwriters surfaced. Filthy folk provides a soundtrack to our increasingly porny world, where the acceptance of smut by both sexes has pried open taboos.

Among the best acts is Jessica Delfino, the "Lower East Side Folkie Queen of Obscene." Others include Shayna Ferm and her "Thanks for Sticking It in Me," a ribald ditty that recalls a hornier Lisa Loeb; wild-haired Reggie Watts and his power ballad "What About Blowjobs," and the bawdy Bridget Everett, who parlayed her raunchy barrelhouse blues into a campy off-Broadway musical revue.

But Lorge wasn't, of course, the first of his kind. In 1966, when "Cool Jerk" and "Turn! Turn! Turn!" dominated the airwaves, Doug Clark and the Hot Nuts mixed R&B and blue humor to create "Baby Let Me Bang Your Box." And it was Tenacious D's hilarious 2004 single "Fuck Her Gently," the best-known song in the canon, that helped bring the freak out of the rest of the folks.

Cock Lorge—the soulful singer who penned the tender ballad "Cock in the Pussy." Ah, love.





Gnarls-y Dudes

The return of the looniest hip-hop duo to ever rule the charts.

Take one part genius underground producer. Mix with one part Southern soul-machine. Stir. The deliciously whacked-out concoction you now have before you is known as Gnarls Barkley, famously featuring Danger Mouse (Gorillaz, *The Grey Album*) and Cee-Lo (Goodie Mob), respectively.

Danger Mouse's catchy cut-and-paste tableaux range from psychedelic Brit pop to Hollywood-noir cool.

"Crazy," the funky single from their debut album *St. Elsewhere*, topped charts around the world in 2006. Now, the duo returns with a pleasant, if somewhat predictable, album that does little to rock their highly successful boat. Danger Mouse is still setting the table with catchy cut-and-paste genre tableaux—this time ranging from psychedelic Brit pop ("Whatever") to Hollywood-noir cool ("Serious Moonlight")—while Cee-Lo jiggles and belts unlikely proclamations ("I don't have any friends at all ... but it's okay!"). All told, it feels a bit like a night of hyperactive flipping between cable channels. There's plenty of soundtracking here, but not quite enough substance.

A BRIEF DISCOGRAPHY



GNARLS BARKLEY
St. Elsewhere
(Downtown/Atlantic, 2006)

Brassy, ballsy, and bizarre, this debut came out of nowhere to own the summer of 2006. We still can't get "Crazy" out of our heads. **Penthouse pick:** "Crazy"

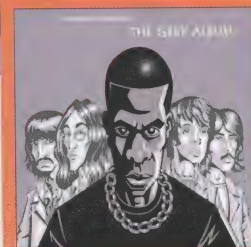


GOODIE MOB
Soul Food
(LaFace, 1995)

Cee-Lo debuted as a member of this Atlanta-based hip-hop quartet that mixed creepy and crunk in equal measure. **Penthouse pick:** "Cell Therapy"



GNARLS BARKLEY
The Odd Couple
(Downtown/Atlantic, 2008)
★★★
Penthouse pick: "Surprise"



JAY-Z & DANGER MOUSE
The Grey Album
(No label, 2004)

This brilliant juxtaposition of Jay-Z's (first) retirement record, *The Black Album*, with the Beatles' beloved *White Album* made Danger Mouse a star. **Penthouse pick:** "Dirt Off Your Shoulder"



GORILLAZ
Demon Days
(Virgin, 2005)

The cartoon "supergroup" looked to the Mouse to polish a collection of motley songs into a glittering masterpiece. **Penthouse pick:** "Dare"

A blonde woman with long, wavy hair is posing against a white background. She is wearing a black lace bra and matching black lace underwear with pink floral accents. She is looking over her shoulder at the camera with a slight smile. Her right hand is resting on her hip.

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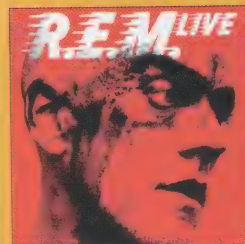
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FullFrontal SOUNDS

REVIEWS /// BY ANDY GREENWALD



There may be cracks in its facade—but the Love Shack is still standing.



R.E.M.

Accelerate

(Warner Brothers)

★★

SOUND CHECK: R.E.M. has been stuck in a somnambulant shuffle since drummer Bill Berry left more than ten years ago. *Accelerate* marks a return to the minor-key guitar rock of their '80s heyday.

AMPLIFICATION: Rousing politico-pop like "Living Well Is the Best Revenge" could have been ripped from 1987's *Document*. But the lilting "Supernatural Superserious" is an absolute classic.

LAST NOTE: It would have been nice to see R.E.M. sustain their resurgent jangling for an entire album.

PENTHOUSE PICK: "Hollow Man"



B-52s

Funplex

(Astralwerks)

★★★★

SOUND CHECK: It's been nearly 20 years since the Love Shack's tin roof famously rusted, but the campy boy-boy-girl-girl quartet sounds spunkier than ever thanks to some newfound electro flourishes and the welcome return of singer Cindy Wilson.

AMPLIFICATION: From the ecstatic "Pump" to the dark, dramatic pop of the title track, *Funplex* is a sassy treat full of delightfully dopey double-entendres ("Faster, pussycat! Thrill! Thrill!").

LAST NOTE: Just try to listen to the inimitable, ageless Fred Schneider rhyme "rest stop" and "G spot" without smiling.

PENTHOUSE PICK: "Ultraviolet"



WHAT'S NEXT

HOWLIN' RAIN

Magnificent Fiend
(American/Birdman)

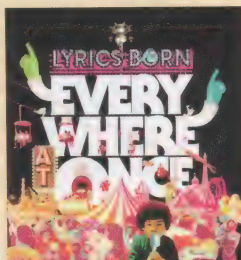
Howlin' Rain has the best beards this side of a Scientology convention, so perhaps it's not surprising that the Santa Cruz trio creates the sort of groovy, swampy rock 'n' roll that hasn't been in fashion since the last Creedence Clearwater Revival, um, revival. After the release of their self-titled 2006 debut, they changed their lineup and assumed the pole position in the nascent New American Weird

Howlin Rain



Magnificent Fiend

movement. The brief and bluesy *Magnificent Fiend* is out now and ready for your enjoyment. As CCR might say: Happy choogling!



LYRICS BORN

Everywhere at Once
(Epitaph)

★★★★

SOUND CHECK: This gravel-voiced DJ Shadow collaborator has never been mainstream. Here, the Bay Area rapper strays further afield, eschewing samples and collaborating with a full-on funk band.

AMPLIFICATION: 1970s-kissed "Don't Change" is cheery, cheeky pastiche, while the slinky he said/she said "Differences" casts L.B. as a modern-day Tone Loc—far from a bad thing in this grim era of coke rap.

LAST NOTE: *Everywhere at Once* is sort of like watching your grandpa dance. It can be funky, but is it good?

PENTHOUSE PICK: "Differences"



DEM FRANCHIZE BOYZ

Dem Franchise Boyz LP2:
At the Point of No Return
(Virgin)

★★

SOUND CHECK: This Atlanta quartet is among the forerunners of "snap"—the rhythmically Spartan stepchild of Southern hip-hop.

AMPLIFICATION: Some have criticized the Boyz for "dumbing down" the genre with shouty dance-club fare like 2005's

"Lean Wit It, Rock Wit It." **LAST NOTE:** It's far from memorable, but as the sweaty soundtrack to a lost Saturday night? We give it snaps.

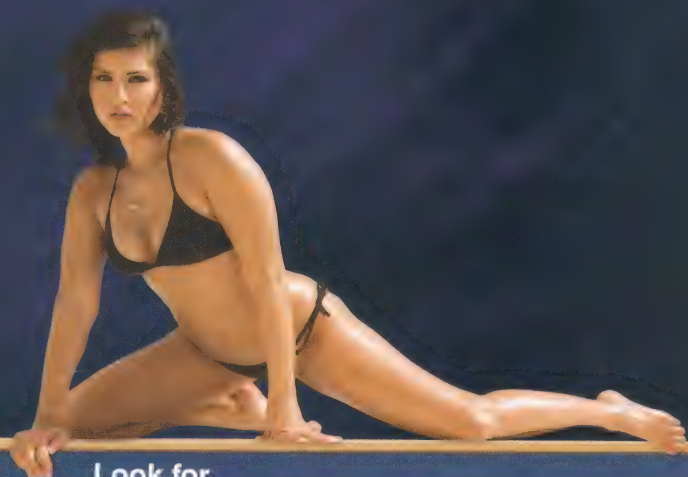
PENTHOUSE PICK: "Mr. Feel Good"

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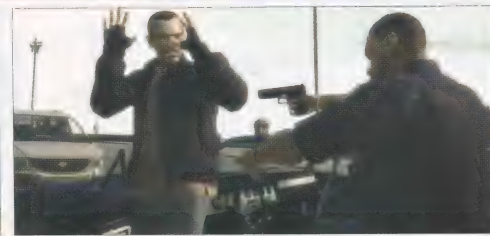


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GAME OF THE MONTH

Grand Theft Auto IV

(Rockstar Games) Xbox 360, PS3 ★★★★★

By now you know the *GTA* basics: accept missions, steal wheels, engage with/dust the local riffraff. For round four, you're back in New York (thinly disguised as "Liberty City"), and you'll be as psyched as we were to finally experience a high-tech contemporary society with all the trimmings.

As Eastern European immigrant Niko Bellic, you can gab on cell-phones, floss nicer clothes, and, most important, handle more righteous GPS-enabled cars—the better to keep

from getting lost in Jersey City, er, Guernsey City.

You could spend the entire game ogling the impressively realistic details in city landmarks like Firefly Island's Wonder Wheel—and, in some scenes, the even more impressive girls. But we think you'll be equally

You could spend the entire game ogling the impressively realistic city landmarks and the even more impressive girls.

enthused about the improved controls, including the new feature to aim at and shoot the car in front of you while driving—very important. Other sweet innovations: Characters are more lifelike than ever—you can even get them good and liquored up—and there are hilarious criminal caricatures that you're forced to mingle with before you rough 'em up. Just don't get so excited that you shoot off your rocket launcher and blow yourself up. And no, we don't mean that as a euphemism for something else.

TIME(LINE) TO KILL

Love and Theft

A revved-up history of gaming's addictive autos
By Paul Arzt



DECEMBER 1997

Rockstar originally gave this bloodshed- and mayhem-filled game the cutesy title *Race 'n' Chase*, but smartly scrapped it for *Grand Theft Auto*. However, in 1999, they did release a censored version for the Game Boy Color.

OCTOBER 2004

Rockstar steps up and succeeds where science has failed. *Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas* gives futurists and space enthusiasts the one thing reality has consistently denied: a motherfucking jet-pack! Finally!



JUNE 2005

Who could forget *Hot Coffee*? The real loser was New York City, which subpoenaed Rockstar's records to prove they created the sex scene—despite the fact that *Hot Coffee* depicts the least hot of sex acts, dry humping.



OCTOBER 2006

Laughing in the face of antiviolence critics, GTA's creators present *Bully*. Instead of murdering prostitutes, players defend geeks from jocks and make stink bombs in their bedroom lab. School was never this cool.



MARCH 2007

Rockstar lives up to its name when, according to *Wired*, cofounder Dan Houser calls an assistant a "useless whore" and a "cunt." Her crime? She brought him the wrong bagel. What's next, trashing hotel rooms and solo albums?



TURNING POINT: FALL OF LIBERTY (Codemasters) Xbox 360, PS3, PC

★★★

What if the Nazis had won World War II? That's the question behind this 1950s-based first-person shooter starring a construction worker who's determined to take his country back from the blue and brown.

ROCKS: Fighting on your own soil instead of storming Normandy's beach, using SS soldiers as human shields or winging them off skyscrapers, blasting through the Nazi-controlled White House.

FLOPS: Average dude Dan Carson's combat skills are a little too impressive.



NINJA GAIDEN 2 (Microsoft) Xbox 360

★★★★

If you fancy a bit of ultra-violence, get back in black as the intimidating ninja Ryu Hayabusa.

ROCKS: Since the challenging 2004 title, Ryu has become quite a world traveler—his assassinating presence now hits streets modeled after those in Venice, Russia, and Tokyo. And if you relish gore, his devastating dismemberment techniques (hint: a giant scythe is involved) are sure to delight.

FLOPS: Despite an improved camera, defeating gigantic monsters and a nonstop onslaught of enemies is still a thumb-spraining affair.



FINAL FANTASY VII: CRISIS CORE (Square Enix) PSP

★★★★

The compilation of *Final Fantasy* releases featured both hits (the film *Advent Children*) and misses (the mediocre game *Dirge of Cerberus*), but this prequel ends the series on the right note, bringing back the magic known as materia, deep storylines, and plenty of drama.

ROCKS: The return of Aerith, Sephiroth, and Cloud, characters that have been haunting us since the original *FF*.

FLOPS: The inability to completely explore the Gaia world or race those crazy-looking chocobos (think a twisted take on *Sesame Street*) left us fully frustrated.

RAINBOW SIX: VEGAS 2 (Ubisoft) Xbox 360, PS3, PC

★★★★

There are more variations on Tom Clancy games than there are Bin Laden hiding places—good luck keeping track of them all. For this one let's keep the mission simple: You must battle terrorists in Sin City. This trip, there's no time for blowing your 401k at the craps table.

ROCKS: An amped-up multiplayer mode, the bad guys' artificial intelligence, with shields and night vision, which makes them harder to pick off, and new locations including—finally!—strip clubs.

FLOPS: Your character doesn't come with a wallet full of singles.



Going Postal

There's a reason news junkies both high- and low-brow can't stop reading the *New York Post*, and it's not because it only costs a quarter.

HEADLESS BODY IN TOPLESS BAR
From the staff of the *New York Post*
(HarperEntertainment)

The *New York Post* is America's greatest tabloid newspaper—a "guilty pleasure" for many of the Big Apple's movers and shakers who sometimes hide their copy of the *Post* inside the more staid *New York Times*, but always check out the "Page Six" gossip and no-holds-barred media coverage first thing. This collection of timeless *Post* headlines proves why the paper is so irresistible. Even if you've never set foot in Gotham, you'll savor its perfect blend of smarts and outrageousness.—*Peter Bloch*

Some of the pieces are more than 30 years old, but they're more fresh and powerful than most of what's written today.



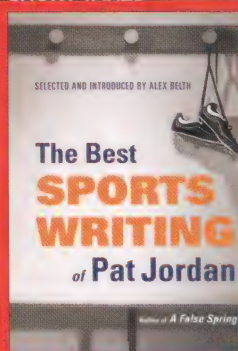
ARE YOU THERE, VODKA? IT'S ME, CHELSEA

By Chelsea Handler
(Simon Spotlight Entertainment)

Since publishing her first book (*My Horizontal Life*) and garnering her own TV show, comedian Chelsea Handler has honed her humorous voice: She's a raunchy, boozy, midget-loving woman who finds herself in all sorts of bizarre situations (like dining pantless in a dark restaurant).

What's troubling is that while Handler is certainly funny, it's hard to know when she's joking, especially about race, which crops up disturbingly often. I have nothing against racial humor, but Handler's not only not that funny, but seems off base. When she gets jumped by some teenagers, she writes, "Two of the girls were Mexican and one of them was white, but looked like she was trying very hard to be Mexican. Why anyone would try to be Mexican is beyond me. In my opinion, that's right up there with wearing a mock turtleneck. Why would you pretend to be wearing a turtleneck?" She's at her best when talking about her love for little people. You can practically feel her glee as she gets to spend the day with her "mini-me," a nipple-baring woman named Kimmy who outdoes Chelsea in the antics department. This is a delightfully wacky book, but would've been better with a little sensitivity training.

SHORT TAKES

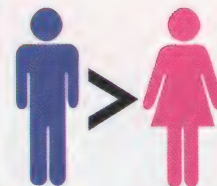


THE BEST SPORTS WRITING OF PAT JORDAN

(Persea Books)
Most sports reporting gets stale almost as fast as it's read. But these extraordinary articles, some more than 30 years old, are fresher and more powerful than most of what passes for journalism today. Jordan's novelistic approach and unfailing eye for the most telling detail guarantee him a place of honor among America's very best writers.—*P.B.*

THE BETTER ANGELS
By Charles McCarry
(Overlook Press)

Polarized voters. A "stolen" presidential election. A fanatic mulah dispatching suicide bombers to America's heartland. This novel could easily be ripped from tomorrow's headlines—except that it was written almost 30 years ago. McCarry has long had a great reputation among writers and critics. It's about time everyone else realized how good he is. This book is a perfect place to start.—*P.B.*



DICK MASTERSON

MEN ARE BETTER THAN WOMEN

By Dick Masterson
(Simon Spotlight Entertainment)

If it were up to the author I wouldn't even be reading this book, because it's written for men—something Masterson never lets his readers forget. Also, women hate men, babies, and sex; but they love whining and complaining. We make shitty magicians, musicians, scientists, lawyers ... the list goes on. He's got a Feminine Anger and Rage Tirade (FART) scale, ranging from the silent treatment (No. 1) to bulimia.

There are brief spurts of wit, such as: "When women clean, they're a tornado of nerves spinning wildly out of control and flinging the debris of everyday life into neat little piles as though it somehow means anything." But his shtick gets old very quickly. His three ways to tell if a woman's a slut? She has a cellphone, mentions another man, and wears heels. This book is a cheap attempt to ride the "fratire" train. Even if it's meant to be tongue-in-cheek, it leads readers to wonder: If women are so shrewish and awful, why do men want to sleep with or even (gasp!) live with them? Masterson never really tackles that question, and by the time you reach his "Mantionary," even *Penthouse* readers will probably never want to see the word *man* again.



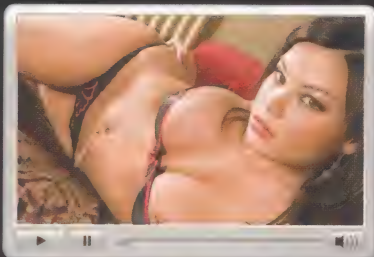
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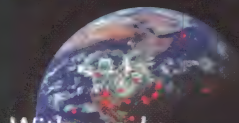


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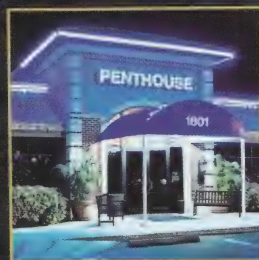
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A woman with long dark hair, wearing an orange bikini, is the central figure. She is holding a glass of orange juice in her right hand and a slice of orange in her left hand, with the slice near her mouth. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a bright, out-of-focus outdoor setting.

Spring Fling

By Abigail Aronofsky
Photographs by Peter Koval

Ah, spring—our favorite season: The flowers bloom, the beach beckons, the ladies swap sweatpants for short-shorts.... Here's how to drink right, lug your stuff, film the action, ride in style, and hook up with the hottest chicks.

Sure, you can go to the beach with your buddies, but you don't want to spend your nights with them. Since catcalling during the bikini contest does not count as breaking the ice, order up some oral foreplay in a glass, aka silk stockings, a Southern screw, or the classic sex on the beach. If you're feeling bold, give her a little tongue-in-cheek action with an after sex, which makes for a body shot that's sure to get her thinking about doing the nasty. And don't forget, that cherry stem can be much more than a garnish....



SILK STOCKINGS

While your cretin peers are shotgunning beers, lure your object of lust with a pair of silk stockings. The rich mix of tequila, chocolaty crème de cacao, cream, and cinnamon will melt away her inhibitions, and it gives you an excuse to initiate the "tie a knot in the cherry stem with your tongue" shtick.

2 oz tequila
1 oz crème de cacao
1 oz heavy cream
Dash of grenadine
Maraschino cherry
Ground cinnamon

Shake the tequila, crème de cacao, cream, and grenadine with ice; then strain into a chilled martini glass. Garnish with cherry and a dusting of cinnamon.



SOUTHERN SCREW

What better way to usher in a brand-new day of debauchery than with a Southern screw? Ideally you'd be waking up next to an SEC cheerleader, or you could just add Southern Comfort to a screwdriver. You'll get a buzz *and* your vitamin C.

1 oz vodka
1 oz Southern Comfort
5 oz orange juice
Slice of orange

Pour the vodka and SoCo over ice into a chilled highball glass. Add orange juice. Garnish with orange slice.





Catcalling during the bikini contest does not count as breaking the ice, so order up some oral foreplay.



AFTER SEX

Any drink order that includes the phrase *cream of banana* is sure to get at least a giggle out of her. Bring out her kinky side and try it as a body shot. Just keep it away from *actual* body shots.

2 oz vodka
1 oz crème de banana

Mix together vodka and crème de banana.



SEX ON THE BEACH

There are more variations of sex on the beach than we can shake a cocktail umbrella at (including "sex on the beach without a condom," which includes 151-proof rum and may make you forget not only a prophylactic, but your name). Bonus: It's a lot less sandy than actual sex on the beach.

2 oz vodka
2 oz peach schnapps
3 oz orange juice or grapefruit juice
2 oz cranberry juice

Stir all ingredients over ice in a highball glass.

Bag Check

When your luggage looks this good, you'll impress the ladies no matter where you stay. But if you're going low-rent, we're serious—women really want clean sheets.

By Abigail Aronofsky Photographs by Nicholas Eveleigh

After surfing discount travel Websites, harassing your buddies to cough up their share, and suffering through shitty winter weather, you're finally going on vacation. Sure, that "room with a view" overlooks the parking garage, but who cares? The real sights are hanging out at the pool in bikinis. The point is, you're on vacation with your boys: no annoying siblings, girlfriends, or coworkers allowed. And while your luggage won't make or break your good time, rolling with your crew while toting a monogrammed backpack from seventh grade does not exactly say "playa." Whether you're blowing your trust fund on a deluxe suite or camping in your pickup, it's easy to lug your stuff with style.

Bring Your Own Sheets

You don't have to drop a lot of cash on a bag to make a decent impression at the check-in counter, but you're more likely to score a room upgrade from the cute receptionist—or a booty call, even—if you show up with one of these casual yet stylish carryalls from the folks behind your favorite snowboards, tools, and soccer gear. Clockwise from top:

Khaki messenger bag
Victorinox
\$40

Green duffel
Victorinox
\$40

Ez Traveler 120
Tadpole
\$20

Douglas flight bag
Gola
\$40



Your luggage won't make or break your good time, but toting a monogrammed backpack from seventh grade does not exactly say "playa."



Mint on Your Pillow

Whether you're doing it up in Vegas or downing mai tais at a resort on the beach, pack one of these sleek bags to claim your rightful place as the Vinny Chase of your entourage. You have a much better chance of getting past the bouncer at the hot new club if your dress shirts don't look like they were stuffed in a garbage bag while you were traveling.

Clockwise from top:

Laptop case
Eddie Feller

Pinstripe weekend
Ben Sherman

Retro toilet kit
Lacoste

East-West garment bag
Victoria's Secret



Get Some Action

If you hook up with hot twins on spring break but no one sees you, does it really count? Here's how to solve the greatest philosophical riddle known to man.

By Gary He Photographs by Nicholas Eveleigh

Videocameras are smaller than ever, nearly idiot-proof, and come with special features that will help you realize whatever fantasy floats your boat, whether it's getting busy in the hot tub or re-creating *One Night in Paris*.

Picking the perfect videocamera for your vacation requires some thought, especially if you're planning to film your sexual exploits. First, set some goals. If you're just going to watch the footage on your laptop with the sound off after your roommate

goes to bed, you can opt for a slightly less feature-laden model than if you plan to set up a screening in the frat house. Then decide how fancy you want to get. (Soft lighting? Extra-wide lens?) A word of warning to anyone who thinks they're going pro by dropping six G's on one of those high-definition 1080p cameras: In this case, higher resolution does not equal better results. You're better off *not* discovering that the chick looked less like Lindsay Lohan and more like Joy Behar. Two final lessons, courtesy of our celebrity pals: Check her age on her ID and rule out a future in politics before you take the plunge.

Xacti E1
30mVA

The Xacti is a great all-purpose videocamera for spring-break shenanigans, since it shoots six-megapixel still images and 480p (broadcast TV-quality) video simultaneously. Best of all, it's waterproof up to five feet, so it's perfect for swimming-pool voyeurism, shower scenes, or living out any other liquid dreams.

Sideshow: Do It Like the Pros



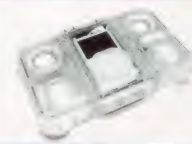
Memory Stick Pro Duo Sony

Sony's new enhanced memory cards work in extreme conditions—from -13 to 185 degrees Fahrenheit—and feature authentication and encryption technology. That way you can keep what happens in Fort Liquordale away from the prying eyes of significant others.



Ultralight 2 Nikon

Since the glowing-eye thing is much creepier than it is sexy, best leave the night-vision technology to Paris Hilton and the military. The Ultralight 2 folds into itself and is designed to mount right on your camera, so you'll avoid awkward setup scenarios, like asking her to hold the pose while you figure out how to work the hotel-room lamp.



EGO iPod Waterproof Sound Case Atlanti

The EGO is billed as a sound system for the beach or pool, but you never know when it could prove useful for setting an intimate mood. Or channel Flavor Flav by throwing the strap around your neck and take the party to go. (First make sure you take Coldplay off your playlist.)



Steadicam Merlin Arm Tiffen

Okay, you can't exactly bring this stabilizing device to the bar, but there's a reason *The Blair Witch Project* didn't inspire many sex tapes. The latest in Steadicam technology gives you high-quality results that will rival Southern California's finest purveyors of adult material ... or impress the film-school admissions office.

You'll have great footage for your own late-night infomercials, not to mention immortalize your fleeting youth.

AG-HMC70 Panasonic

This model combines the features of a professional camera with the light weight and user-friendliness of a home videocamera, so it will impress the hell out of—and the shirt off—any doubters. The pro-quality viewfinder and wide lens practically cement your cred as someone who has the experience to make her look great in action.

MPEG4 Net Sharing Cam Sony

Tech novices should try the Net Sharing Cam, which shoots low-resolution video that's easy to upload to the Internet. (Software that automatically uploads to YouTube is included.) The picture quality is relatively poor, but it's super-affordable. E-macking has never been easier. Disclaimer: If you're going public with your footage, stick to filming in public places.





This is a scooter, though, so while the suspension does an admirable job dealing with most pavement atrocities, deep chasms can deliver a stout blow to the bars. Still, the ride is superior to a lot of the competition.

The SportCity is blessed with superb brakes, consisting of two 260-mm discs up front and a single 220-mm disc in the back. The upright riding position is comfortable, and the windscreen aids in keeping some of the breeze off your chest at highway speeds. The passenger perch works well for short stints, and for such a diminutive package, underseat storage is generous. This may be one of the best rides out there in terms of delivering scooter minimalism with a surprisingly substantial feel.

Light, quick, sporty, and frugal: Thy name is SportCity.

Breakin' Bad

Big hogs get lots of attention, but nothing broadcasts your inner coolness during spring break like the urban chic of a high-tech scooter.

By Bill Heald

The Aprilia SportCity 250 The SportCity, a true Italian *atleta*, is a light, lithe little beast that is a master at knifing through traffic with grace and stealth. Aprilia has an extensive résumé when it comes to building scooters and sport bikes, and the SportCity benefits from a lot of excellent motorcycle-spec hardware. The 244-cc engine boasts very sophisticated fuel injection, and while a power output of 22.5 horsepower may not sound like much compared to the latest full-size two-wheelers, there's no need to fear. When you combine the lightweight, slick automatic transmission with this responsive little mill, you get surprisingly brisk acceleration. A taut tubular steel frame beneath the stylish bodywork adds solidness, and the engine and transmission are actually incorporated into the rear swingarm,

freeing up a generous amount of leg and foot room for the scooter jock. Motorcycle-style 15-inch wheels are shod with excellent high-profile tires that not only aid the lightning-quick steering, but also deliver great traction, even in rain. Potholes and manhole covers are battled by a sturdy conventional 35-mm front fork and a set of twin shocks out back, and the latter are adjustable for preload, so you can tailor the ride to hauling a date or traveling solo.

The SportCity is small in stature yet loaded with motorcycle-derived performance. It weaves through traffic like a cat on crack.



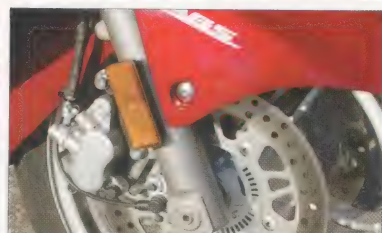
APRILIA SPORTCITY 250 SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled single-cylinder four-stroke
Bore x stroke	72 mm x 60 mm
Displacement	244 cc
Fuel system	Electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Automatic torque converter
Front suspension	35-mm telescopic fork
Rear suspension	Dual shocks, preload adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 260-mm discs
Rear brake	Single 220-mm disc
Front tire	120/70-15
Rear tire	130/80-15
Fuel tank	2.37 gallons
Wheelbase	54 inches
Seat height	32 inches
Dry weight	326 pounds
MSRP	\$4,599



SUZUKI BURGMAN 650 EXECUTIVE SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled twin-cylinder four-stroke
Bore x stroke	75.5 mm x 71.3 mm
Displacement	638 cc
Fuel system	Electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Digital, transistorized
Transmission	CVT automatic
Front suspension	41-mm telescopic fork
Rear suspension	Twin shocks, preload adjustable
Front brakes	Twin 260-mm discs
Rear brake	Single 250-mm disc
Front tire	120/70-R15
Rear tire	160/60-R14
Fuel tank	4 gallons
Wheelbase	62.8 inches
Seat height	29.5 inches
Dry weight	518 pounds
MSRP	\$8,999



The Suzuki Burgman 650 Executive

Some guys need all the bells and whistles, and if you think a scooter can't come loaded with amenities, Suzuki will set you straight. The Burgman 650 Executive is less scooter and more cruise ship on wheels, and an absolute blast. The fun starts with a big, torque-rich 638-cc twin teamed with a very trick Continuously Variable Transmission with two automatic modes—power or normal—and a manual mode. Even when you choose the manual cogs (you shift with UP/DOWN buttons on the

The Burgman Executive delivers speed, high-tech comfort, and push-button slickness in a package that's big enough to nearly swallow the Aprilia.

left grip), there's never a clutch to deal with. Throttle response is crisp and immediate, thanks to 32-bit digital fuel injection. Dual counterbalancers make the Burg a smooth runner with almost electric power delivery.

What is unquestionably electric is the windscreen, which raises and lowers at the touch of a button. This is a great feature when you transition from the highway to local roads—up for highway wind protection and down for better ventilation in stop-and-go traffic. If you want to squeeze

between a few taxis, you can retract the mirrors with the touch of yet another button and scoot through the narrowest of gaps. When it's finally time to slow things down, there are triple disc brakes, and since this is the Executive, antilock technology comes standard to help prevent precious body parts—both the scooter's and yours—from crashing to the asphalt in slick conditions.

Since the Burgman is a much larger scooter than the Aprilia, accommodations are roomier, and the underseat storage area, which resembles a small bathtub, can hold two full-face helmets. There's also a front glove compartment to stow small items and a convenient 12-volt power point just below the instrument cluster. Finally, the pilot and passenger backrests exemplify the first-class treatment that this liner delivers from stem to stern. 



Scooting Through Spring Break

As you have no doubt noticed, it can be a bitch to get a scooter through airport security. It's even harder to stuff the sucker in

the overhead bin. But fear not. If there's a beach and a road, odds are you can rent a scooter easily at daily or weekly rates. Just remember

to shop around and book well in advance, especially if you're going somewhere that's likely to be three deep with revelers like you. Also

remember to score a helmet, and get a thorough briefing on the scoot's controls, since there can be funky differences between brands.



"Remember, half the women on spring break don't want to see you again either."

March Badness

Spring break's celebration of casual sex makes it the most wonderful time of the year. Penthouse Pet Jamie Lynn explains how you can savor every last drop of sin and debauchery.

By Jonathan Ages

THE GONG SHOW

"It's stupid to join the wet-boxers competition. You're getting wet—if there's a breeze or it gets cold, it's just not going to be a flattering situation."

THE WET T-SHIRT WINNER

"When she gets off the stage—and 50 other guys are screaming for her—stand out by getting her a drink. Don't kill it by making an ass of yourself and creepily staring at a girl's tits, or by making eye contact like you're peering into her soul."

DOWN, BOY

"Jack off before you go out. That way you won't be on the hunt. Don't be like that wild guy who's trying to sniff out the good one—that's creepy."

CATCH AND RELEASE

"If you're not trying to work it with one woman for more than a night, fool around with her on the beach and don't give her your info. Then move on to the next person. Remember, half the women on spring break don't want to see you again either."

GREASE ME UP

"You can ask a random girl to put sunblock on you—just make sure you don't have a hairy back. When you're shaving your balls or whatever, shave your back, too. And when asking a girl for help, definitely offer to return the favor. It's a good way to pick up girls on the beach."

SLIPPERY NIPPLES

"Body shots are a great way to test whether or not a girl is into you and gauge how playful she's going to be. I wouldn't just walk into a bar and yell, 'Hey, let's do body shots!' You should initiate it by quietly asking the cocktail waitress to come over and bring it up. 'Cause if she says, 'Hey, wanna do body shots?' it opens the door."

KISS HER GOOD-BYE

"To get rid of a girl in the morning, schedule an early wake-up call. Then tell her you have to meet people. Or don't even let her spend the night. Just say, 'It's been fun.' She'll appreciate that you're not beating around the bush. But if you want to be nice about it, offer to take her back to her hotel. Then work your second wind and go back to the club." 

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Cassia Riley
2006 Pet of the Year
runner-up



la vie en rose

Last April we featured one of the most popular pretty young things in adult entertainment, and—just as we expected—her star is still on a rapid and remarkable ascent. We're sure you'll agree that the lovely Ava Rose is well worth revisiting.

Photographs by Misha





"My life is always an adventure, whether I'm filming on a beach in Hawaii or in an old hospital. I just like to have a good time with good people."



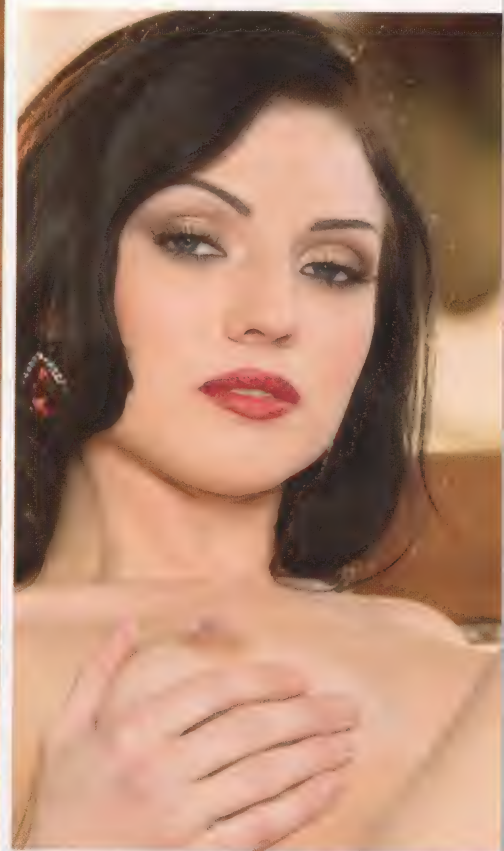


"I'm a no-frills gal, so my favorite sexual position is missionary. But when I'm shooting a scene, I prefer doggie-style. I like the way it looks on-screen."









"I take life day by day and just try to have fun, and I've always been into outdoor stuff. Growing up in Alaska got me that way. Thank you, Alaska!"

"Music is one of those things I just can't get enough of. It's my replacement for watching television. My ADD doesn't allow for sitting in front of the TV!"

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JAIME
HAMMER
PHWJ



WALLPAPERS

Andie Valentino



PHW1

Sunrise Adams



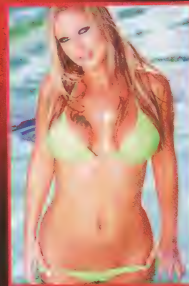
PHW2

Cassia Riley



PHW3

Jennifer Emerson



PHW4

Suzanna Birch



PHW5

Tyler Faith



PHW6

Hanna Hilton



PHW7

Jaime Hammer



PHW8

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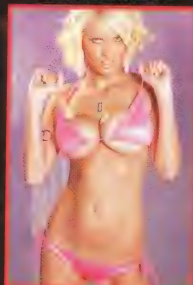
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HEATHER
VANDEVEN
PHW9



SCREENSAVERS

Hanna Hilton



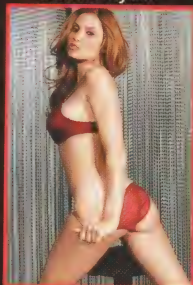
PHS1

Shay Laren



PHS2

Jamie Lynn



PHS3

Heather Vandeven



PHS4

Andie Valentino



PHS5

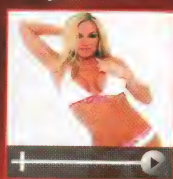
Kimberly Williams



PHS6

VIDEOS

Tyler Faith



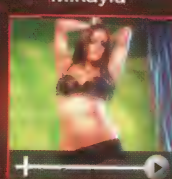
PHV1

Nikie St. Giles



PHV2

Mikayla



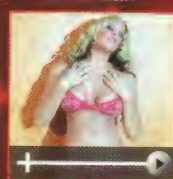
PHV3

Zdenka Podkapova



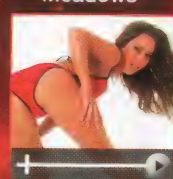
PHV4

Nicole Sheridan



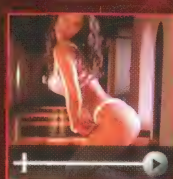
PHV5

Lindsey Meadows



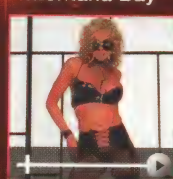
PHV6

Suzene



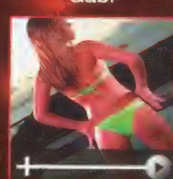
PHV7

Montana Bay



PHV8

Gabi



PHV9

GAMES

BLACKJACK



PHG1

SLOT MACHINE



PHG2

SOLITAIRE



PHG3

SUDOKU



PHG4

RINGTONES

ANSWER THAT B*TCH

PHR1

HEY BABY

PHR2

BOW CHICA WOW WOW

PHR3

NAUGHTY SPANK

PHR4

LOOKING FOR D*CK

PHR5

MILE HIGH CLUB

PHR6

YOU WIN A BJ!

PHR7

HEY BIG BOY

PHR8

G SPOT

PHR9

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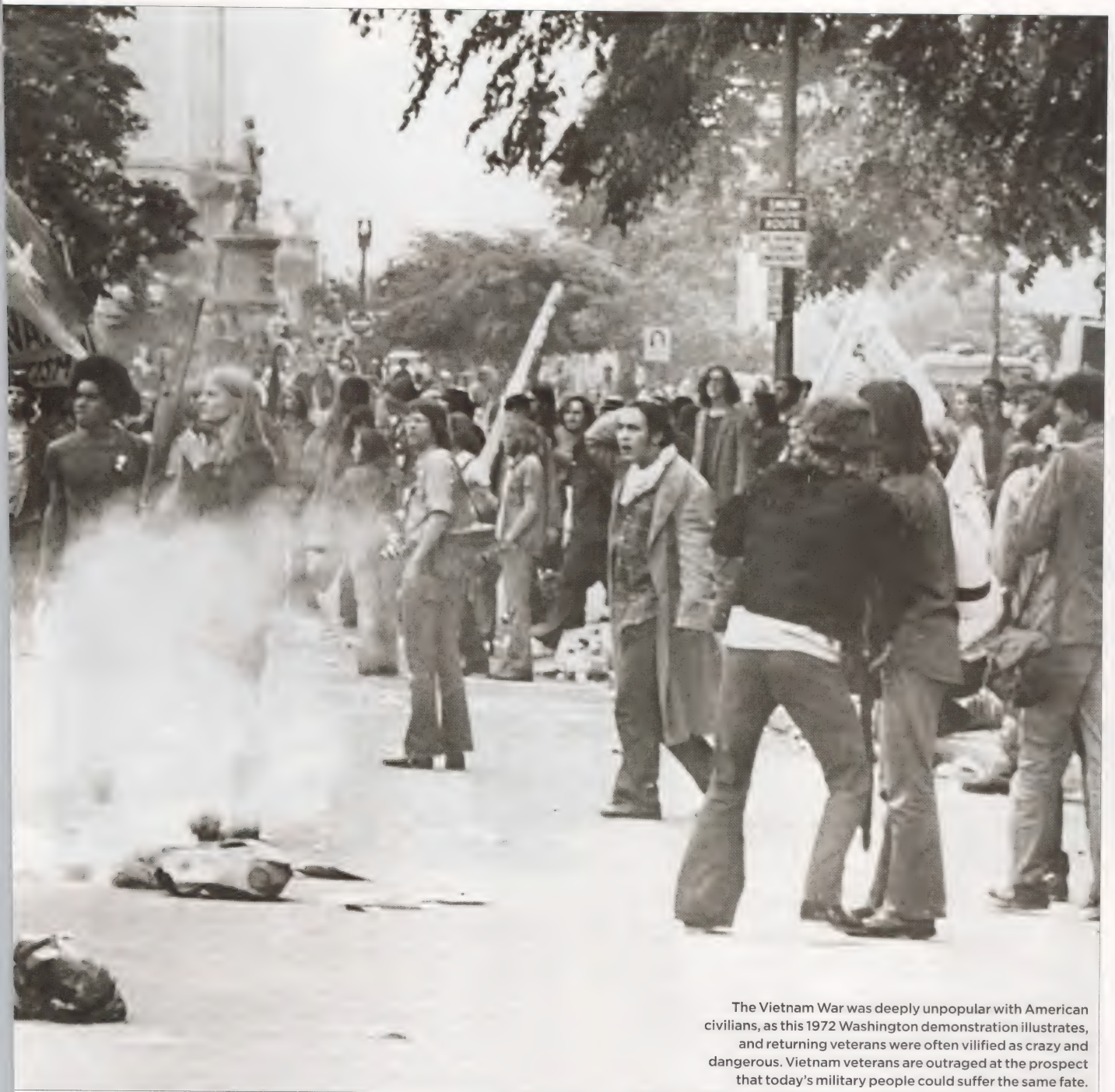
By Matthew Currier Burden

Journalists have a mixed reputation with the military and veterans. I can personally testify that some reporters—and even more editors—seem to be biased against the military. But I'm also happy to say that there are many journalists who feel a responsibility to tell the truth—and serve it straight up, neat, no ice. The *New York Times*, which is probably the most prestigious newspaper in the world, has some of the best military writers in the business. John Burns and Dexter Filkins come immediately to mind. And that's why, even to many of us who are jaded about the media, a string of front-page articles the *Times* started publishing in January has been shocking and upsetting. The series, called "War Torn," is described by the paper as being "about veterans of the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan who have committed killings,

or been charged with them, after coming home." It seems that, despite its generally excellent coverage of the war, the *Times* is determined to depict veterans as victims of a policy it deplores—a victimization that sometimes turns their behavior homicidal.

On January 13, the *New York Times* published the first "War Torn" article. It was about the 121 Iraq and Afghanistan veterans who committed or were charged with committing murder after returning to the U.S. The article by Deborah Sontag and Lizette Alvarez, titled "Across America, Deadly Echoes of Foreign Battles," attempts to demonstrate that veterans coming home from current war zones are more prone to committing murder than regular American citizens.

"Town by town across the country, headlines have been telling



The Vietnam War was deeply unpopular with American civilians, as this 1972 Washington demonstration illustrates, and returning veterans were often vilified as crazy and dangerous. Vietnam veterans are outraged at the prospect that today's military people could suffer the same fate.

similar stories," the *Times* told its readers. "Individually, these are stories of local crimes, gut-wrenching postscripts to the war for the military men, their victims, and their communities. Taken together, they paint a patchwork picture of a quiet phenomenon, tracing a cross-country trail of death and heartbreak."

Let's step back for a moment and take a good look at what the *Times* is saying. Even one violent death is one too many, but can anyone truly believe that 121 homicides over six years in a nation the size of the United States constitutes a "cross-country trail of death and heartbreak"?

The *Times* attempts to correlate 121 deaths (not all murders) committed by Iraq and Afghanistan veterans with their combat experiences. In one case, a former soldier who'd been charged

with murder for killing a gang member who was robbing him was acquitted when it was determined that he acted in self-defense. And of the 121 homicide cases the *New York Times* refers to, more than 20 percent stem from drunken or reckless driving and a little more than ten percent were suicides.

No one disputes that veterans who return from combat deserve as much help as we can give and they are willing to receive. No one disputes that people in the military are capable of and have committed murder. In fact, the anecdotes that the *New York Times* provides are sad and heartbreaking. But they don't constitute a trend or say anything meaningful about the 1.5 million-plus veterans who have rotated through the war zones over the past few years.



In 1991, Gulf War veterans were greeted as heroes. But as today's war in Iraq drags on, anger and frustration with politicians can lead to bias against those who have to do the fighting.

Although the *Times* article was more than 6,200 words, the authors made no attempt to contrast the homicide rate of returning veterans with that of the general population, so I'll do it here: According to the Department of Justice's Website, the *annual* rate for homicide for men 18 to 24 years old is 26.5 per 100,000 people. The 121 homicides over six years of combat cited in the *Times* boils down to about 20.2 homicides per year. If you divide the estimated 1.6 million veterans by the six years we've been fighting, you get 266,660 per year—or an annual homicide rate of 7.6 per 100,000. That is a stark contrast to the national average of 26.5 per 100,000. Even if you doubled the 7.6 to account for veterans of two tours in a war zone, homicides are still *little more than half* the national rate.

Thus, while the *New York Times* got one fact straight (the number of homicides over six years), the unstated premise of this "War Torn" series—that veterans are more violent and unstable than other Americans their age—is, not to put too fine a point on it, complete *bullshit*.

The second article in the series—about a young Marine veteran who killed his wife—was heartbreaking as an individual tragedy, something even the prosecutor of the case admitted. But for the *Times* to publish a front-page article more than 5,000 words long on this one pathetic person just reinforced the distorted portrait of veterans that the paper painted with the first article. And although the reporter wrote that "homicidal and suicidal behavior is not representative of returning veterans with post-traumatic stress disorder," the fact that the paper is publishing this major series of articles gives its readers the opposite impression.

As soon as word spread about the first article, I started hearing from military people outraged at seeing veterans portrayed as ready to kill at a moment's notice. The angriest comments came from Vietnam veterans, who remembered all too clearly how they had been labeled as psycho baby-killers when they returned home from battle. (In fact, one of the many reasons that these veterans and their families are huge fans of this magazine is because, starting in 1974, *Penthouse* published monthly articles by and about veterans to fight against this stereotype.) Now, on

the front page of the world's most famous newspaper—a "paper of record" whose journalism is cited as fact—they saw this terrible libel against the military take on new life.

A U.S. Army Sergeant First Class in Iraq has a suggestion for *Times* editors: "It's too bad the theme is about crazy grunts killing innocent civilians. The *Times* could do us a service and write a story about how we're treated in the VA or how we need better pay."

An officer in Iraq writes, "So the agenda-driven *NYT* reporters figured out how to use LexisNexis and tied in a few anecdotal stories to show how fucked up we are? 'Preordained conclusion' doesn't begin to describe the manipulation here."

A veteran of Afghanistan says, "This is discrimination against vets that would never be tolerated for any other group—gays, African-Americans, Muslims, etc."

One Vietnam veteran makes a bitter joke: "The *New York Times* has a history of false reporting, giving away classified information, and downright lying. It's what you should expect from that fucking rag. I feel badly for my parrot. He has to look at that fucking newspaper every day."

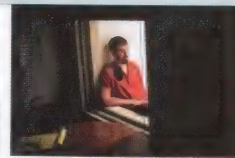
A sergeant in Iraq asks, "Can someone tell them to stop baking up stories with sprinkled fake sympathy on top?"

Another Vietnam vet recalls his experience: "They did this after Vietnam and they are doing it again. We didn't see it coming the last time.... We know what bigotry smells and looks like and we'll protect [today's veterans] because they cannot protect themselves. Fuck the *New York Times*."

An Iraq vet points out an inconsistency in the *Times* report: "If we were all fucked-up killers, the big story would be the distinct lack of news editors and reporters left alive at the *New York Times* to continue their propaganda campaign."

An Afghanistan vet sent this observation: "We are trained to kill. If we were on the edge as described, there'd be a hell of a lot more dead people."

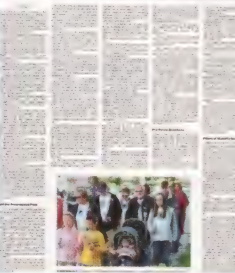
I'll leave the last word to a man who was the commander of our forces in Iraq. Lieutenant General Ricardo Sanchez had this to say to reporters upon his retirement last October: "The death knell of your ethics has been enabled by your parent organizations who have chosen to align themselves with political agendas. What is clear to me is that you are perpetuating the corrosive partisan politics that is destroying our country and killing our service members who are at war." 



A Combat Veteran's Descent, and a Utah Prosecutor's Choice



"It definitely changed. After being in combat it kind of made me about life experience."



"Not an Indictment of Service Members"

We contacted the *New York Times* and asked for a response to what veterans and others have been saying. Reporter Lizette Alvarez wrote back almost immediately. This is her reply, edited for space:

"I think we were careful to say that while the great majority of service members come home and ... readjust to civilian society, some do not.... Most service members are still not seeking or getting the treatment they need. What surprises me is that as a society we have little trouble accepting a service member's physical wounds. But once you veer off into psychic wounds, politics somehow elbows its way in."

"The notion that service members sometimes have a hard time adjusting to civilian society and sometimes tumble into crime is not exactly a new one. Many Vietnam veterans can speak to that."

"... The series ... is not meant to scare people or portray veterans as monsters. It is most certainly not antimilitary.... If we wanted to portray veterans as crazy killers, I think the piece would have been written in a very different way...."

"It was impossible for us to compare the military homicide rate to the civilian one, for many reasons. One reason is that the military (unlike civilian society) does not keep records of homicides that it does not prosecute through its own justice

system. Many of the homicides are handled through the civilian courts. The military does not know how many of its own service members are convicted of homicides across the board. It would be lovely if the military kept such statistics. Even the internal statistics they provided us were faulty. What we have collected is an absolute minimum number of cases that we could find...."

"Also, please keep in mind that the military population is very different from the civilian population. Military recruits are screened for criminal records and mental illness.... The vast majority of these military men and women have no prior records at all, which makes them very different from the average person charged with murder in the civilian world...."

"This is not an indictment of service members. No one has ever told the stories of these men who wind up in prison (not to mention their victims, who wind up dead), and we thought the stories were worth telling. For decades, the prisons in America held a relatively [large] percentage of Vietnam veterans, and many feel strongly that if they had gotten help, they would not have ended up there. Some believe that perhaps those who really need help when they return from war stand a better chance of getting it if their difficulties and crimes are acknowledged." 



This is how a military hero should be greeted!

The Jimmy Leg

We kick off our 2008 MLS preview with the ultimate MLS guy, Kansas City Wizards defender Jimmy Conrad.

By John Bolster

Jimmy Conrad makes an ideal ambassador for Major League Soccer on multiple levels: He's funny, he's media savvy, and he's been with the league for all but three of its 13 years. Beyond that, Conrad is emblematic of MLS—like the league, he started out underappreciated and overlooked, but has gradually forced people to take notice. MLS began relatively humbly in 1996, and now boasts a ten-year, \$150 million sponsorship agreement with Adidas, \$20 million a year in TV deals, and the most famous player on the planet, David Beckham. Conrad went undrafted out of UCLA, and now he's an MLS All-Star, a perennial contender for Defender of the Year, and a mainstay on the U.S. national team. He's a prime example of how MLS can be a platform for U.S. soccer players to thrive and prove their class.

Conrad took a break from training to talk about the upcoming season, World Cup qualifying, and his personal soundtrack for the badass moments of his everyday life.

Your 2007 season ended in mid-November, you got called in to U.S. camp in early January, and then you went straight into preseason for the 2008 MLS campaign. Is it tough to have so little time off?

I have two weeks to kick up my heels and think about the season, and then I start preparing for the next one. Two weeks off, then I started lifting and running again. And yeah, the body—you can feel it sometimes. But you have to do it because during the season you lose a lot of your strength and some weight. So the off-season is crucial for restoring that.

What do you look for in Beckham, year two, his first full season?

A better understanding of how our league works, and what it means to play real, regular-season games in the summertime here in the States. It's hot and some games are on

Sports Turf, and it's not always ideal conditions. It's going to be an eye-opener for him in terms of how grueling it is, not to mention the travel.

Yes, New York to L.A. is not exactly Manchester to London.

Right. A lot of fans fail to realize, when they compare MLS to leagues overseas, how much traveling we do. That, and the surfaces we play on, as well as the heat—it doesn't compare with anywhere else in the world.

What do you think of the Designated Player rule in general?

I think it's great. Last year was the best year the league has ever had in terms of foreign acquisitions. There were the big-name guys, but there were also guys you hadn't heard of like Juan Toja and Pablo Richetti in Dallas. Juan Pablo Angel in New York has been a steal. And obviously, David Beckham's impact on the league was huge—he got people talking about us. We were a water-cooler topic.

What's the best stadium environment in MLS?

I thought [2007 expansion team] Toronto was great. It's just amazing

LOCKJAW

Conrad broke his jaw in both the 2006 and 2007 MLS seasons. It's not a streak he'd like to continue, but it did make him an expert on living life with your jaw wired shut.

DIET

First thing, you have to get your blender out and make sure it's ready to go. Then you stock up on Ensure, protein shakes, tomato soup, and yogurt.

COMMUNICATION

Talking is pretty clamped. It's clenched teeth and trying to make it happen, but *Ths ss how it cms ot, lk ths*. Put it this way: I wasn't on the phone all that much. I was kind of an e-mail guy at that point.

HYGIENE

Your breath gets terrible because you can't get a toothbrush in there. I tried to mouthwash as much as I could, but all the junk would kind of stick around. It got pretty nasty by the end of the six weeks.

up there. All of the players I talked to told me they feel like professionals. There are Toronto jerseys in the stores, people recognize them on the streets, and they're in the paper every day.

Who's the most impressive young player in MLS right now?

Jozy Altidore. His physical presence—especially at such a young age [18]—it's pretty impressive. He's strong and fast, and he's willing to listen because he wants to get better. If the league can keep him, I suggest they do. But it's going to be hard, because he's got quite a lot of talent.

What city would you like to see join MLS next, after Seattle in 2009?

I'm a little biased because I'm in Kansas City, but I think St. Louis would be a great market. It's a great soccer town. I think they'd go out and support it. What our league needs more than ever is rivalries. And since Kansas City is only about three hours from St. Louis, it would provide us with a rival.

Let's talk about the 2010 World Cup qualifying rounds, which kick off this June. Are you looking forward to fans throwing batteries in Costa Rica and bags of urine in El Salvador?

[Laughs] Yeah, I am. I think that stuff's great. The fact that somebody would take the time to pee in a ziplock bag and try to throw it at me.... You know, it's quite an honor.

It is kind of a compliment, isn't it?

Yeah, it really is. That stuff is great. It's part of how it all works. It's hard for those countries to qualify, so they try to do everything they can to get the advantage. In Guatemala last year, they had people outside the hotel playing music and calling our rooms in the middle of the night. It's part of the gamesmanship, and I enjoy the whole process.

You moonlight as a journalist for ESPN.com, so I've taken my last question from the Jimmy Conrad arsenal of interview questions. Oh, no.

You're walking down the street looking tough. What song is accompanying your strut?

[Laughs] I think it's called "Mr. Big Stuff." I don't know who it's by, but it goes [singing] "Who do you think you are—Mr. Big Stuff."

Sure, I know that one.

That's the one. For sure. Not even a doubt in my mind.



Like MLS, Conrad (right) started out underappreciated and overlooked, but has gradually forced people to take notice. He's now a mainstay on the U.S. national team.

2008 MLS Preview: Beckhamania II

Largely lost amid the hype of David Beckham's brief first season in MLS was the fact that when he actually played, he played well. This year, he'll begin at the beginning. So does that make L.A. the league favorite? We break it down with help from Greg Lalas, host of *MLS Extra Time*.

EASTERN CONFERENCE

1. D.C. UNITED

LAST YEAR: 16-3-2, lost in first round of playoffs

GM: Marcelo Gallardo (M, Paris St. Germain), Franco Niell (F, Argentinos Juniors), Gonzalo Peralta (D, Club Almirante Brown), Gonzalo Martinez (D, Millonarios), Zach Wells (G, Houston)

OUT: Christian Gomez (M, Colorado), Bobby Boswell (D, Houston), Brian Carroll (M, Columbus), Josh Gros (M, retired), Troy Perkins (G, Valerenga)

INSIDE: Argentine veteran Gallardo replaces 2006 league MVP Gomez in midfield, and the tricky, pint-size Niell will partner with 20-goal man Luciano Emilio up top. The four-time champs look poised for a fifth title.

OUTLOOK: The strong just get stronger with a South American infusion led by veteran playmaker Gallardo.

2. NEW ENGLAND REVOLUTION

LAST YEAR: 14-4-2, 1st in MLS Cup final

GM: Chris Albright (D, L.A. Galaxy)

OUT: Pat Noonan (F, Aalesund), Andy Dorman (M, St. Mirren)

INSIDE: MLS's Buffalo Bills (three consecutive MLS Cup final defeats) still have Steve Ralston and Shalrie Joseph in midfield and Taylor Twellman to score goals, but is that enough?

OUTLOOK: Always a bridesmaid, never the bride. But the Revs won't even be invited to the reception this year if they don't bring in an attacking midfielder.

3. NEW YORK RED BULLS

LAST YEAR: 12-11-7, lost in first round of playoffs

GM: Coach Juan Carlos Osorio, Zach Thornton (G)

OUT: Coach Bruce Arena (resigned), Clint Mathis (F, Ergotelis), Joe Vide (M, San Jose)

INSIDE: Why can't any coach rise above mediocrity in the Meadowlands? Osorio is the 11th coach in the team's 13-year history.

OUTLOOK: If Osorio can't get a team armed with Juan Pablo Ángel and Jozy Altidore to win, no one can.

4. KANSAS CITY WIZARDS

LAST YEAR: 11-12-7, lost in conference finals

GM: Chance Myers (D, UCLA); Ivan Trujillo (F, Deportivo Cali)

OUT: Eddie Johnson (F, Fulham), Nick Garcia (D, San Jose), Jose Burciaga Jr. (D, Colorado)

INSIDE: Not in Kansas, er, Missouri anymore: Eddie Johnson and his 15 goals. Can Trujillo make up the difference?

OUTLOOK: Eddie Johnson's gone—and the Wizards are better for it.

5. CHICAGO FIRE

LAST YEAR: 10-10-10, lost in conference finals

GM: Coach Denis Hamlett, Andy Herron (F, Columbus)

OUT: Coach Juan Carlos Osorio, Chris Armas (M, retired), Jim Curtin (D, Chivas USA), Ivan Guerrero (M, San Jose)

INSIDE: Midfield warrior Armas will be missed, as will Osorio, but Cuauhtémoc Blanco will play a full season.

OUTLOOK: Blanco is one year older and one year uglier—but he's still worth the \$24 ticket to Toyota Park.

6. COLUMBUS CREW

LAST YEAR: 9-10-10, missed playoffs

GM: Brian Carroll (M, San Jose)

OUT: Marcos Gonzalez (D, Univ. Católica), Ned Grabavoy (M, San Jose), Andy Herron (F, Chicago), Kei Kamara (F, San Jose)

INSIDE: Guillermo Schelotto thankfully decided to stay put, but talented youngsters Eddie Gaven and Robbie Rogers stand to miss time on Olympic duty.

OUTLOOK: Improving; I'll give 'em that much. Carroll should help free up Schelotto in midfield.

7. TORONTO FC

LAST YEAR: 9-12-5, missed playoffs

GM: Julius James (D, Univ. of Connecticut), Pat Phelan (D, Wake Forest)

OUT: Chris Pozniak (M, San Jose), Miguel Canizalez (D, waived)

INSIDE: Toronto coach and GM Mo Johnston has a keen eye for young talent (see: Edu, Maurice). Hopefully James and Phelan can contribute immediately. Toronto fans deserve it.

OUTLOOK: The only chance they have of making the playoffs is if Mo Johnston suits up.

The Galaxy revolves around the Big Three of Beckham (above), Landon Donovan, and Carlos Ruiz, with a constellation of role players filling out the roster.



WESTERN CONFERENCE

1. CHIVAS USA

LAST YEAR 15-7-2, lost in first round of playoffs

PRO Jim Curtin (D, Chicago), Alecko Eskandarian (F, Real Salt Lake), Atiba Harris (F, Real Salt Lake)
CON Preston Burpo (G, San Jose), Jason Hernandez (D, San Jose), Orlando Perez (D, waived)

ANALYSIS Last year's late-season surge was dampened by an early playoff exit, but look for Chivas, with a beefed-up strike force, to go farther in 2008.

OUTLOOK Goal-keeper Brad Guzan will probably go to Europe, in which case say *adios* to the Goats' chances.

2. HOUSTON DYNAMO

LAST YEAR 15-5-7, won MLS Cup

PRO Bobby Boswell (D, D.C. United)
CON Ryan Cochrane (D, San Jose), Joseph Ngwenya (F, Austria Karnten), Zach Wells (G, D.C. United), Nate Jaqua, (F, SCR Altach)

ANALYSIS The champs are thin at forward.

OUTLOOK They've won two straight titles and four since '01, if you count their years in San Jose. Don't be surprised if they three-peat.

3. LOS ANGELES GALAXY

LAST YEAR 9-14-7, missed playoffs

PRO Carlos Ruiz (F, FC Dallas)
CON Chris Albright (D, New England), Joe Cannon (G, San Jose), Cobi Jones (M, retired), Carlos Pavon (F, waived)

ANALYSIS The Boston Celtics of Carson, California? The Galaxy revolves around the Big Three of Beckham, Landon Donovan, and Ruiz, with a constellation of role players filling out the roster. If the Big Three stay healthy, L.A. is a safe bet for the playoffs and could do some damage.

OUTLOOK Please let them win the Cup so all the Beckhamians will shut up and move on.

4. FC DALLAS

LAST YEAR 13-13-5, lost in first round of playoffs

PRO Duilio Davino (D, Club America)
CON Carlos Ruiz (F, L.A. Galaxy) Clarence Goodson (D, IK Start)

ANALYSIS Dallas has cap space and allocation money (which it got in the Ruiz-to-L.A. deal) to spend on a Designated Player. It needs a forward and another defender.

OUTLOOK Behold, as Juan Toja-manía approaches Beckhamania levels. But Dallas will still underachieve.

5. REAL SALT LAKE

LAST YEAR 9-15-3, missed playoffs

PRO Ian Joy (D, St. Pauli)
CON Alecko Eskandarian (F, Chivas USA), Atiba Harris (F, Chivas USA) Eddie Pope (D, retired)

ANALYSIS Kyle Beckerman needs help in midfield, but RSL's three Argentines (F Fabian Espindola, M Javier Morales, and D Matias Mantilla) are poised to step up.

OUTLOOK My dark horse. Jason Kreis might be a better coach than player, and he was a helluva player.

6. COLORADO RAPIDS

LAST YEAR 9-13-8, missed playoffs

PRO Christian Gomez (M, D.C. United), Jose Burciaga Jr. (D, Wizards)
CON Zach Thornton (G, Red Bulls)

ANALYSIS The Gomez acquisition should prevent the Rapids from dropping to the cellar. But they need more help.

OUTLOOK How does coach Fernando Clavijo still have a job?

7. SAN JOSE EARTHQUAKES

LAST YEAR Returning to league this year

PRO Joe Cannon (G, L.A. Galaxy), Nick Garcia (D, Kansas City), Ivan Guerrero (M, Chicago)
CON Brian Carroll (M, Columbus), Clarence Goodson (D, IK Start)

ANALYSIS Oakland A's owner Lewis Wolff will find out if *Moneyball* can be applied to soccer.

OUTLOOK Expansion team. 'Nuff said.

PENTHOUSE PLAYOFF PREDICTIONS

EAST	CONFERENCE FINALS	MLS CUP 2008	CONFERENCE FINALS	WEST
D.C. United defeats Kansas City	D.C. United defeats N.Y. Red Bulls	D.C. United defeats Chivas USA	Chivas USA defeats L.A. Galaxy	Chivas USA defeats FC Dallas
N.Y. Red Bulls defeat New England				L.A. Galaxy defeats Houston

Little Dog checks out a Mexican national at the border. "What we have here," he says, "is a sophisticated neighborhood watch."



The Prisoner of Patriot Point

Robert "Little Dog" Crooks's armed encampment sits atop a growing fault line running through the soul of America. Is he a hero, or simply a racist and armed vigilante?

By Johnny Rico

Photographs by Sandy Huffaker Jr.

On the fringe of America in the southern California desert lies Machete Mountain, a barren hill of gravel and sagebrush, which has the unique distinction of existing between Mexico and the United States. The border that delineates the two nations cuts perfectly across the mountain's summit, forcing it into dual citizenship.

And it's the mountain that has been standing as silent witness to a private war occurring between the Mexican human smugglers and cartels on one side, and two Americans living as squatters on public border land on the other. Shots have been fired, bodies have been found, and drugs run rampant.

Welcome to life on the Tecate Line.

My eyes follow Captain Robert "Little Dog" Crooks's finger past the devastating burnt cocoa desert landscape of boulders, ravines, and jagged hills as he proudly points to the distant peak of Machete Mountain, where he's flown a new American flag. The mountain and the flag, he explains, is contested real estate. For him, the mountain is the line of no retreat, a psychological demarcation that separates the kill zone from civilization.

The flag *will* be taken down. He knows this. It's a game, after all—one big pissing contest. The Mexican smugglers and cartels will take the flag down; he'll put it back up. But for the moment an American flag is flying over U.S. soil, and for now, that's enough.

Crooks and I are standing just ten feet from the border fence and Mexico on Patriot Point, a militarized encampment that



consists of an exhausted rusting Winnebago, a Vietnam-era Army transport truck, a horse trailer that's been converted into a walk-in pantry, and a plethora of patio lawn chairs and Formica folding tables, all covered by the sort of camouflage netting meant to conceal positions from aerial surveillance. Here, it is used to provide shade against the burning gaze of the desert sun. It has the lived-in look of desperate desert living—overflowing trash bags are tied to the truck's bed, coffee filters litter the tables, and the ground is covered in crushed cigarette butts. The land Patriot Point rests upon is under the control of the Federal Bureau of Land Management—in other words, it's public land, but freer than urban public space, as there's no city to draft ordinances prohibiting behavior. Out here, on the border, in no man's land, you can run around naked with shotguns in both hands.

Patriot Point is both the home and base of operations for Little Dog's Mountain Minutemen, a border-watch operation funded by the occasional contribution and donated groceries; fueled in equal doses of righteousness and nicotine.

The self-anointed rank of captain is ironic, as Little Dog is fully one half of the Mountain Minutemen; the only other tenured member is set up in his own camp just 200 meters away, toward Machete Mountain. There are others in the organization, but they're either weekend warriors, heading out to the border only when they can get time off from work and someone to watch the kids. But most of the Minutemen who once patrolled this border have long since gone AWOL, intimidated into absconding by the cartels and leaving behind a slew of dilapidated RVs and ripped pup tents that line the border fence—a phantom reminder of those who have fled.

But not Little Dog, he's going to die up here.

"Welcome to the nightmare, amigo!" Little Dog says, a twisted smile breaking from his face as he lights up a cigarette. He spreads his arms wide into the air, his junkyard dog Freckles beside him, barking in agreement. "This is the Tecate Line, the funnel point for all of southern California, amigo! To the west you've got suburbanization and flat desert where you're visible, to the east you've got the Saharan Empire and the Yuma Flats ... you'll bake in those goddamn sand dunes. No, this is where it's at, where they can hide in the rocks, not be seen. This is the Mountain Empire, amigo. Welcome to the Tecate Line!"

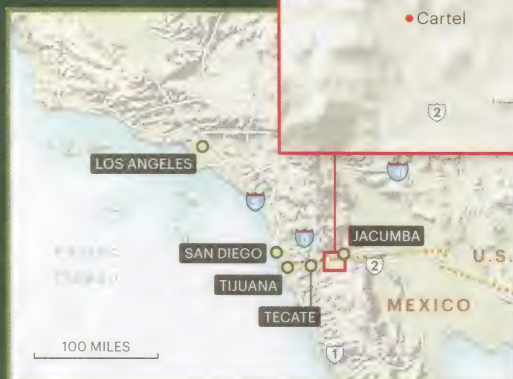
The Tecate Line is a rough and rugged 40-mile stretch of hills that stretches from Tecate, a small town outside San Diego where most business is conducted in Spanish, to Jacumba in the east, an abandoned hive of dilapidated trailers and drug flophouses, where the Border Patrol recently found another dead body, an illegal Mexican wrapped in a blanket and left on the side of the interstate. It's an area heavily patrolled by both federal agents and Border Patrol, where just being a car with out-of-state plates constitutes enough reasonable suspicion to be pulled over. And it's one of the few places in the country where the highway and the accompanying chance of a rapid dispersment into the states lies less than a mile from the border. But immigration is not on Little Dog's mind right now.

"I don't give a good goddamn about little Julio coming over to work the lettuce fields, amigo!" Little Dog tells me as he checks up on a group of 12 a half-mile into Mexico that he's been monitoring all morning. "That's not the problem! It's the damn cartels, amigo! This all here, this country of southern California and northern Mexico, it's not run by the U.S. and Mexican governments, it's run by the Arellano-Felix cartel! They're running so much cocaine,



Little Dog's aging pickup truck with a rumped swath of metal across the hood. "Sniper's bullet. He was trying to run off my fucking head," he says. Patriot Point is both his home and base of operations.

On the Border Living at ground zero in the immigration war



Patriot Point sits so close to the border fence, you could cross the distance between the two with a two-second sprint. Leland's camp is just a five-minute walk west of Patriot Point, along the length of the border fence. Machete Mountain interrupts the border fence—the border runs across its peak. An

American flag is frequently removed from the peak, apparently by Mexican cartels and smugglers, but is replaced by Little Dog.

"The real danger," explains Agent Lloyd Easterling of the California Border Patrol Office of Public Affairs, "is that we've managed to slow down those able to cross the border and it's cut into the profits of the criminal organizations on the other side. Organizations that previously were only running drugs are now

doing human smuggling as well. The civilian border-watch groups are definitely an asset. They act as additional eyes and ears."

But it's not just the Arellano-Felix cartel. "They're certainly the most notorious and the most dangerous," Easterling continues. "But there are many criminal organizations in Mexico, and unfortunately some of that is spilling into the United States."



heroin, meth, and marijuana through this fucking border, it's enough to fill up the whole goddamn country. We got bodies, human smugglers, fucking everything, my friend! It's a wide open border, amigo!"

The government seems to agree. A 2006 assessment by the National Drug Intelligence Center states that the Mexican cartels are "the most influential and pervasive threats with respect to drug transportation and wholesale distribution in nearly every region of the country." And of the many criminal cartels operating within Mexico, there are none as vicious or as powerful as the Arellano-Felix family, whose influence is widely regarded to equal that of the Mexican government. They specialize in business arrangements that can't be refused: Accept money or end up dead. And their influence doesn't stop at the border; within the last two years, the Southern District of California of the U.S. attorney's office has prosecuted seven American Customs and Border Patrol agents on graft and corruption charges.

But none of this is news to Little Dog. "What we have here is a sophisticated neighborhood watch," Little Dog says, referring to his extensive array of surveillance equipment and base camp. And even though Little Dog says he doesn't care about illegals, only about drugs, on the Tecate Line illegal immigration is intimately tied to drug smuggling—carrying a backpack full of dope is the price of admission for many illegals. So, in reality, Little Dog doesn't distinguish between the two.

"Our country is being invaded by millions of foreign nationals, and our government wasn't doing anything about it," Little Dog tells me. "Figured I could bitch about it or do something about it. The day I retired off the fishing boat in Santa Barbara is the day I came down here. This is my country—bring it on, motherfuckers. You want an asshole contest? Start here!"

Little Dog starts to say more, but he's interrupted by a radio call from Leland, the other half of the Mountain Minutemen—there are six crossers, inbound and committed. A sly smile breaks from the corner of his face as he moves to a pastel lawn chair at the front of his encampment and searches them out through his scope. We see them on the other side, just 300 feet inside Mexico, sprinting across the desert toward the fence.

Little Dog grabs his cellphone and presses a single button (the law is on speed dial in these parts): "Little Dog here, we got six out by the 240 marker about two minutes out. Yep, talk to you later."

The radio calls from Leland are a frequent disruption, one that occurs every few minutes as they swap surveillance—it's not a trickle of crossings here, it's an onslaught. Their conjoined decision-making—when to call Border Patrol and when to hold off so as to not overwhelm them with premature reports—occurs as a comfortable and easy dialogue, the sort you'd expect from long-time friends or an old married couple. And this is their primary duty, to watch the border and hold the line. To be the eyes and ears of a Border Patrol and an infrequent National Guard rotation that has too few men to effectively hold the line.

And so it goes all the day, hour after hour. Illegals are observed, the call is made, and Border Patrol responds, with Little Dog as a deranged symphony conductor moving the Border Patrol trucks



"We've got half a million people in L.A. waving foreign flags on U.S. soil—if that's not an invasion, I don't know what is."



Little Dog proudly flies the Stars and Stripes right on the Mexican border. It will be taken down. He knows this. It's a game, after all—one big pissing

contest. But for now the flag is flying over U.S. soil, and for now, that's enough.

back and forth across the length of the border fence.

But that's only when units are available. Many get through.

"NUA—no unit available," Little Dog says, explaining one of his most frequently received responses from dispatch. "We're trying, but the illegals here are a goddamn flood."

Little Dog's stories come fast and furious: Midnight gun battles between the cartels along the fence, the bodies of dead drug runners found baking amid the rocks in the California sun, and brazen drug deals where trucks are driven off makeshift ramps over the border fence. They're stories I'd have found difficult to believe if I hadn't been kept awake all night by the sound of distant gunfire in Mexico and the taunts of the drug runners on the radio frequency shared by Minutemen and cartel. I ask Little Dog if he's exaggerating, if the cartels really mind one old man keeping watch, if he's really having any effect on this hemorrhaging border.

Little Dog laughs at how little I understand. "See this?" He moves to his aging pickup truck and points to a rumpled swath of metal across the hood. "Sniper's bullet. He was trying to take off my fucking head." He disappears into his Winnebago and exits a moment later with a smaller scope, its tripod destroyed by another bullet. "See this? Shots have been fired, my friend. When I was in the Army we called that an act of war. We've got half a million people in Los Angeles waving foreign flags on U.S. soil—if that's not an invasion, I don't know what is." He's quiet for a brief moment of consideration before he continues. "Shit, they've already come over the fence and poisoned two of my dogs." He eyes Freckles, who cocks her head curiously, returning his gaze. "Suppose they'll be coming for her soon enough."

I ask him how he became so committed to an issue that pays no salary and offers no benefits. Little Dog takes a seat, sighs, and tells me his story. He was a commercial fisherman in Santa Barbara, forced into early retirement by the corporate fisheries and ever-tightening government regulations that restricted harvesting. "I was out in Santa Barbara talking to my VFW post commander. I asked him, 'Hey, Bob, you hear about this Minuteman thing that's starting in Arizona?' And Bob says to me, 'Yeah, it's a long distance beer run!'" Little Dog bellows with laughter, his frosty mustache twirling and twitching. "So I get on my CB radio and I call out, 'Hey, can anyone give a patriot a ride?' A trucker gets on the radio and says, 'Where ya going?' I tells him, 'I'm on my fishing boat, heading out to Tombstone, Arizona, to join up with the Minutemen.' He tells me he's going to pull over off the side of the interstate to take a nap, and if I can get there by the time he wakes up, he'll give me a ride. And he does, all the way down to a truck stop in Ontario, where I caught a ride to Tucson and then another straight into Tombstone. It was a beautiful thing. My feet never even touched the ground. And it was then that I realized that my being here was divinely inspired by God. That this is a spiritual thing. That maybe God had a purpose for me after all. It's like I was the rusty wrench in God's toolbox and he sent me down here to fix the leak on the border."

But reading between the lines—between vague references to past alcoholism and failed marriages and children he's no longer in contact with—it also seems he's up here for another reason. For atonement, perhaps.

From where I'm sitting at the far edge of Leland's camp, only feet from where the border fence stops, I can just make out the tip of Patriot Point. Leland's trying to show me the hilltop where the cartels put their spotters to watch them, but my eyes keep going back to the SKS assault rifle that sits on the card table next to us.

Leland has his hair pulled back behind a John Deere cap that

Fighting Words

frames a pleasant relaxed smile; he's wearing dust-stained sweatpants and a Minuteman T-shirt. He watches my eyes linger on his weapon before he laughs, offering me an explanation: "I've been shot at, I get my life threatened every day, they come on the radio saying they're going to kill me every night. *Vato—you're dead!* So I don't get very far away from my firearms. After they shot at me from 300 yards, I figured I'd better get something that could reach out and touch a little farther. It's not that I want to kill anybody, but I'm making a statement and I'm not going to get killed doing it."

Leland was a 45-year-old construction worker in Las Vegas who spent a decade increasingly out of work as illegal immigrants dominated one trade after another. First roofing, then windows, then framing. But it wasn't until he was attacked that he decided to move down to the border.

"I had a little sticker on my truck that said **SPEAK ENGLISH**, and a bunch of Mexicans pulled up behind me at 6:30 in the morning on my way to work, and five

of them jumped out and threw a tape measure right through my window," he says, motioning to his truck and the still-broken window. "They didn't like my bumper stickers, I guess."

Leland's been here for six months, and often his only human contact, besides the occasional Border Patrol Agent, is Little Dog. "People say, 'Hey, I'll be there in a couple of days, going to stay for a couple of months.' They never show up. Or they'll show up one day and then the bushes start moving at two in the morning and they're gone of here.... It gets a lot busier at night." Leland's smile disappears. "They come up and steal my lights at night, let me know they were here. I don't think I've slept four hours straight since I've been out here. If I catch them coming up in my camp, I'm going to kill 'em. I've got squatter's rights."

I ask a silly question, something to do with downtime, going into town for relaxation, to catch a movie, maybe. Leland snorts derisively. "You can't leave. You go to take a shower and they'll trash your camp. All my lights will be gone, my cords will be cut."

It's then that I notice his scope; it's not pointed into Mexico but farther west, parallel to the border fence. Leland stands and I follow him to a precipice at the edge of his camp that unravels into a small valley. Below us is another pickup truck, another Minuteman. "I think he's dirty," Leland explains. "He won't talk to us on the radio. I think he's helping 'em run drugs under the guise of being a Minuteman. He's always watching us instead of watching the border, hanging up on boulders above his camp, trying to get a cellphone signal. So I watch him watching us."

Out here on the border, everyone's under surveillance. The Border Patrol agent sits in a truck that's idling on the border road just a few hundred feet from Patriot Point. He offers me an



Little Dog tells Border Patrol agents about illegal immigrants he saw crossing at Campo, California, on January 29, 2008. His primary duty,

as he sees it, is to be the patrol's eyes and ears—to watch the border and hold the line.



amused sneer at my repeated questions long after he's told me "No comment." All the Border Patrol agents have become efficiently practiced with the no-comment response. No comment on the Minutemen, no comment on Patriot Point, no comment on the drug cartels. The only thing he'll speculate on is the disappearance of the other Minutemen in the area: "Guess they couldn't hack it." It's not until my question about the small arsenal of weapons divided between Little Dog and Leland that he offers a big sigh and his first real explanation. "Let's put it this way," he says. "Out here? If you're not armed, you're crazy. But officially I can't confirm if anything you asked is true." He puts the truck in gear, ready to pull away. "But I'm not saying it ain't true either," he adds before winking.

Little Dog tracks the position of the drug runners on his scope as he responds into the radio, "You want to make the call?"

"I'll place the call," Leland says.

A moment later, we hear the whirl of an incoming swooping helicopter. Little Dog stands erect in the military position of attention, offering a firm salute as the helicopter skirts the edge of Patriot Point, pulling a hard U-turn to avoid flying into Mexico. The helicopter's copilot returns the salute, and over the radio he says, "Little Dog, you get more ass than a Sunset Boulevard hooker!"

As the helicopter travels the length of the border fence, Little Dog says, "That's the Border Patrol. Everyone up here knows me. Hell, the captain of the Border Patrol brings me newspapers every morning. This should be a goddamn national monument because

it's where the resistance started, where the movement to take back our country began!"

But this is only one small section of the Tecate Line, which is only a small section of the California border.

Little Dog frowns, a sad, sorry sigh rippling his mustache. "Yeah, but we're stopping 'em here," he says. He tosses his cigarette at his feet, as if to accentuate his claim of geography and the border, the point where he's holding the line.

"How long you going to stay up here?" I ask.

"I've been here perpetually at the point for a year and a half, and I'll be here until the border is secure," he replies gruffly. "Or until I die, whichever comes first. For a penny or a pound, you heard that before? For a penny or a pound? It comes from the old privateer days when they went out on the old naval vessels, pirates and such, to rape and plunder. When they signed on, it was for a penny or a pound. In other words, they were in for

the duration, and that's what I'm doing. I'm here for the duration. I got my Social Security check, I got my recliner and my television up here and my air conditioning. I can either sit on my ass back in Santa Barbara and slowly die, or I can sit on my ass here and do something about it."

"Some people would call all this a bit crazy," I suggest.

Little Dog laughs. "I just call it retirement."

And for the first time since I've met him, he's quiet, standing at the edge of the point, hands on his hips, king of the mountain. He gazes off into Mexico as the last of the Mohicans, as the lone Japanese soldier toiling and surviving in the jungle years after the war has been ceded, as the prisoner of Patriot Point.

For the moment, an American flag is flying over U.S. soil.

And for now, it's enough. 



"The day I retired off the fishing boat in Santa Barbara is the day I came down here. This is my country—bring it on, motherfuckers. You want an asshole contest? Start here!"

He Writes the Songs

To celebrate the age of personalized media, when bands build their fan base via MySpace and TV networks boast about show downloads, we've plucked this month's comedian—Jonathan Fin—from that most democratic of media outlets, YouTube.

*By Chauncé Hayden
Photographs by Jeff Sciortino*

While growing up in the south suburbs of Chicago, comedian/musican Jonathan Fin realized one thing about himself: He's a douche bag, and damn proud of it. (Really. It's on his business card.) After he was voted class clown in the eighth grade, he also realized that his sarcastic nature and sophomoric wit could make him popular—and maybe even get him laid. Of course, back then the 32-year-old never could have imagined that such gloriously crass songs as "The Hand-Job Protest Song" and "The Titty Song," both of which have videos that prominently feature Fin's ex-girlfriend's impressive boobage, would make him an Internet sensation.

Fin started on a more traditional career path, with a degree in journalism from Indiana University and success as an advertising copywriter. Then he started performing original songs and stand-up at local open-mike nights, refining his material and defining his comedic voice. He also took improv classes at Second City, created a comic strip, and wrote a *lot* of songs.

In 2006, Fin joined *Rover's Morning Glory*, the nationally syndicated morning radio show that replaced Howard Stern in Chicago, eventually garnering No. 1 ratings and rave reviews from audiences and critics alike before it was canceled. Now, as Fin shops around his own show, we sat down with him to discuss his strange aptitude for perverted songwriting and to find out what makes this particular douche bag so fucking funny.



Your videos have made you a YouTube legend, but we were shocked to learn that you won a car on *The View* with one of your songs. Don't they investigate who they award prizes to?

My sister knows I do parody songs and she's a big fan of *The View*. Personally, it's not on the top of my list. But they were having a song parody contest and she thought I could win. She said, "The prize is a minivan and 15 grand. I could use the minivan; you could keep the 15 grand." Anyway, I ended up winning. It was pretty fucking cool. I had people calling me up, saying, "Dude, did I see you on *The View* this morning? What the fuck is up with that?"

No offense, but do you think you would have won if someone had checked your background?

I tried to get a plug for my Website [JonathanFin.com] when I won, but I'm guessing they took a look first, because they didn't mention it. I get the feeling they wanted to distance themselves from "The Titty Song" and "The Hand-Job Protest Song."

Has the popularity of "The Titty Song" changed your life?

I get at least ten to 20 e-mails every single day from people telling me the song changed their life. It's become sort of a tit anthem. People are using it for their ringtones. I think it's just great.

What makes you an expert on tits?

I just had a very simple idea to write a song about tits. I was seeing the girl in the video at the time, and she had huge fucking tits. I was smart enough to know that if a hot girl is in a video, it's going to get twice as much interest as without it, so I wrote a catchy little tune and it just took off. It's everywhere now. Although I also get a lot of hate mail from people who write things like "You should be ashamed of yourself" and "Your mother must be so proud."

Is your mother proud of you?

Not particularly. She says, "You better not tell anyone at work about your pornographic material on your Website." I don't think she understands that it's just comedy. It doesn't help when people come up to her and say, "Did I see your son in a video called 'Lickin' Chicks'?"

How does your ex feel about being an Internet star?

She's a really cool chick. We broke up because of a proximity issue. She was in Detroit and I was in Cleveland at the time. It just didn't work out. But she works at a bar and she always gets people coming in and saying, "Are you the fucking girl from 'The Titty Song'?" She actually signs autographs. She's a great sport.

How would you describe the perfect tit?

It all depends on the girl. I like 'em to be real but look fake. The ideal is a large C cup with a nice dime-size nipple.

Have your songs gotten you laid or slapped in the face?

It's cut right down the middle. It's a great way to find out right away which chicks I'm going to be able to have sex with. My business card says "Jonathan Fin: Douche Bag" with my contact information. The chick will check out my Website and either say "You're the funniest thing ever!" or "You're a fucking pervert. If you ever call me again, I'm going to call the cops." It's a pretty good way of weeding out the faint of heart. But to answer your question, my songs definitely get me laid. A lot of times, right before I perform "The Titty Song," I'll pull a girl with a nice rack up onstage and sing to her. That move has gotten me laid once or twice. And laughter is always the best way to get laid. Plus, you throw in the fact that I can play guitar and have a ten-inch cock. I mean, what else do you need?

... That Make Our Office Sing

He writes raunchy songs, makes hilarious videos of them, and posts them for public consumption. Because we're the luckiest sons of bitches in the world, we get to watch 'em in the office and call it work. These are excerpts from two of our favorites. Both videos prominently feature Fin's ex's delectable ta-ta's.

THE HAND-JOB PROTEST SONG

I was with a new lover
making out on the
couch when things got
a little heated and my
penis came out. She
jerked and pulled on it
until it was raw. I said,
"You fuckin' bitch, your
hand does not belong
there at all."

Chorus

You can never beat me
when it comes to my
cock. You don't know
how to do the twist at
the top. It doesn't feel
good when you jerk me
around. So just wrap
some lips around it and
get the fuck down.

Chorus

If you're giving me a
blowjob you may use
both your hands. But if
there's no lubrication
than your fingers are
banned. Your eighth-
grade handjob only
give me a frown. So
pick a pair of lips or get
the fuck out.

Suck it, fuck it, or leave
it alone. You can never
stroke me like I can on
my own. Suck it, fuck it,
or leave it alone.

Because your dry and
calloused hands feel
like a cactus on my ...
You really need to learn
but you can't practice
on my ...
You've done it once or
twice but I've done it 20
million
Billion ...
Trillion ...
And one-half times.

Have you ever motorboated a women's cleavage?

Oh, absolutely, man! Absolutely! I don't know who came up with that, but there's something about the shape of a tit that makes a man want to stick his face in there and go, [makes a motorboat sound]. I try to do that as often as I can.

We can't leave out your infamous "Hand-Job Protest Song." Have you ever told a chick in person, "Fuck it, suck it, or leave it alone," like you do in the song?

I have. Not so much in those words, because I try to be a nice guy while we're naked and in bed. But since I wrote that song, no chicks even want to touch my cock. They're so afraid! Truth be told, my ex-girlfriend gave a killer handjob. She really knew how to work it. But it's funny how many girls are afraid to touch it after that song.

It is a catchy tune.

Yeah, I know. I've had people tell me they've gotten in trouble at work for singing, "You got to suck it, fuck it, or leave it alone."

Your Website bio also describes you as a douche bag. What makes you such a douche bag?

I just don't give a shit what people think. Chicks always say they want the nice guy, but they *always* end up with the fucking douche bag. Always! My theory is, come right out and say, "This is what you're dealing with. Let's just get it right out in the open now." I cut right to the chase. I'm kind of a dick and kind of bitter.



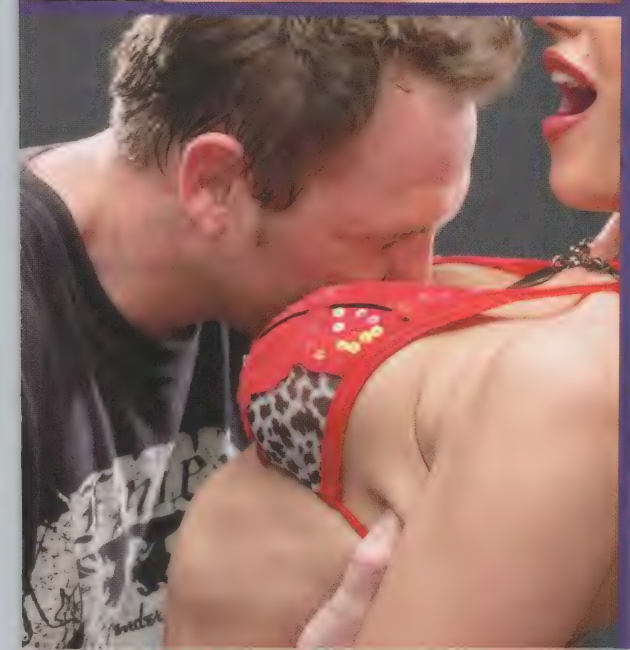
THE TITTY SONG

Damn! Take a look at those breasts. I've seen a lot before but those are as good as tits can get. I swear that they're the best I've seen. I'd like to pull my penis out and put it right in between.

I love your fuckin' titties 'cause they're big and round. I'm glad you wore that shirt because they pop right out. I don't care if they're not real. Just lemme cop a feel.

Goddamn. Those things are fucking huge. I'd like to moisturize them every night with my personal spoodge. So please lemme give 'em a kiss. Just let me put my face right up against them and go like this [motor-boating noises].

"There's something about the shape of a tit that makes a man want to stick his face in there. I try to do that as often as I can."



What's the biggest douche-bag move you've pulled off?

Man, there's been so many. I once got a present for a girl I was dating, but I ended up hooking up with this chick at the fucking mall. She saw the lingerie I had bought my girlfriend and ended up wearing it. I totally fucked her in it and defiled it. But I still gave it to my girlfriend.

Even we're offended by that.

When I gave the lingerie to her, she said it smelled like pussy. I told her that's how lingerie is sold now. It's pre-scented.

You took over for Howard Stern in Chicago when he went to satellite radio. I can't imagine that kind of pressure.

I wasn't the host of the show. His name was Rover. I won a contest to be on the show and it worked out, so I was on for about a year and a half. But the state of radio today just fucking sucks. You can't say anything. You can't push the boundaries. And after the whole Don Imus thing, it just got worse. That's why I liked watching Howard Stern's TV show a lot more than listening to his radio show. Our show became more like the radio version of the *Jerry Springer Show*. They just wanted us to make up stories. But I wasn't interested in doing that. I wanted to keep it real.

How real?

For instance, I had a girlfriend who was really into threesomes. We'd go out and take pictures of the chicks we would take home and I'd talk about it on the air the next day.

That's the kind of shit I wanted to do. But they weren't so much into that. So we got canceled.

Would it be inappropriate to ask for your ex-girlfriend's phone number?

There's still a chance we might get back together again one day. But she really enjoyed those threesomes. We would do amazing things with those girls. In fact, I actually sent letters to "Penthouse Forum" about it.

If you could wrap your meat hooks around one pair of celebrity tits, whose would they be?

I'd like to check out Carmen Electra's. Those are pretty nice. I know they're fake, but I don't care. Maybe I'd go for Jessica Alba's. Jessica Simpson has nice titties, too. But now that I'm thinking about it, Jennifer Love Hewitt has the best rack of all! I would love to feel those things! 



high voltage

The Lone Star State boasts fine steak, lofty landscapes, and wild women like Alektra Blue, a sultry Dallas native who rode 'em cowgirl in such *Penthouse* DVDs as *Power Play* and *Slippery When Wet*. You could take her home on the range, but be careful—you might get bucked off.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios





"I don't even need to psych myself up for photo shoots—I'm very comfortable in my own skin. And I'm *a/ways* ready for sex, especially when the guy is dominant."



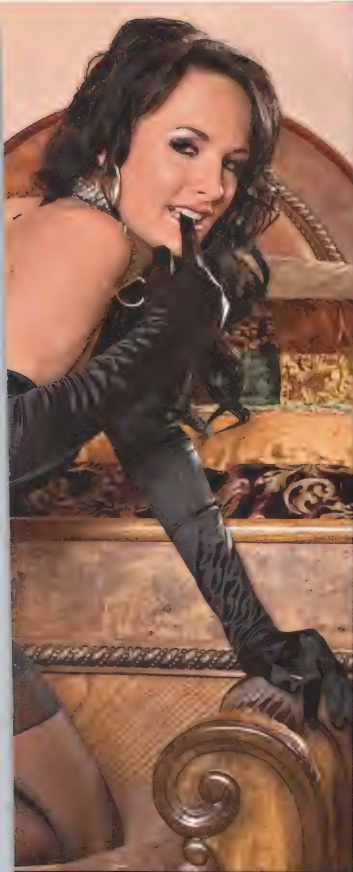


"If I won a million dollars, I'd buy lots of shoes and a white Lamborghini Gallardo Spyder.... Then I'd put the rest in savings."





"Where do you think I like to be touched? Once I had six orgasms in one day, so use your imagination."

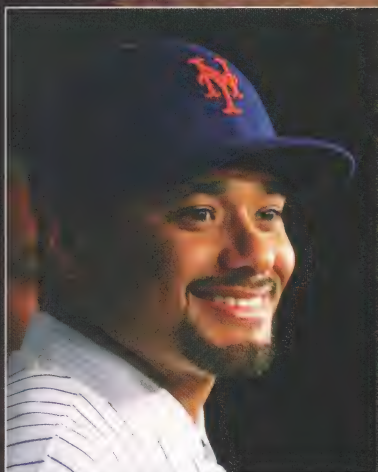


"The craziest place I've had sex is in a nightclub. The music and dancing got me really hot and bothered, and I just couldn't wait till we went home."



Play Ball! (Please)

After an especially turbulent off-season, baseball—the game, on the field, remember that?—is finally back. Get ready for the first pitch of 2008 with our take on every team, playoff predictions, and the exclusive juiced-but-still-crappy All-Star Team.



+ A potential dark horse in the American League, and four once-proud franchises fall on hard times. By John Bolster

We've weathered the Mitchell Report, more congressional hearings, and, worst of all, a contract extension for commissioner Bud Selig. Let's move on to the baseball, shall we? When the New York Mets landed former Minnesota Twins lefty Johan Santana (left), you could almost see the ticker tape falling over New York come October. But while Santana—the game's premier lefty, and one of the best pitchers of his era—makes the Mets an instant threat to win the N.L., other blockbuster trades will go a long way toward shaping this season's outcome—and the defending champs have improved. Here's how we see the divisions shaping up.

Q Alektra Blue
Pet of the Month
April 2008

Vital stats:

24 years old, 5'6"
34D-24-35

Sign:

Gemini

Favorite TV shows:

Nip/Tuck and *Project Runway*

Favorite movies:

Wedding Crashers,
Napoleon Dynamite

Hottest movie

sex scene:

Angelina Jolie and
Antonio Banderas in
Original Sin

Favorite food:

steak and sushi

Favorite sports:

Dallas Cowboys football

Favorite vacation spot:

Grand Cayman

Dream vacation spot:

Fiji

I'm never up for:

drama

Song that gets me

in the mood:

"Closer," by
Nine Inch Nails

Alektra Blue

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NATIONAL LEAGUE

N.L. EAST



NEW YORK METS

That Lastings Milledge trade remains a puzzler, but ... best-lefty-in-baseball Johan Santana + acute desire to redeem last year's historic collapse = N.L. East title back in Flushing.



PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES

We correctly called the division for Rollins, Utley, Howard, and company last year. This year they added closer Brad Lidge, but lost gritty, productive Aaron Rowand. Second place.

WILD CARD



ATLANTA BRAVES

Atlanta finished only five games out last year, and they should keep New York and Philly honest once again. Injury-plagued Mark Kotsay replaces Andruw Jones in center, and pitcher Tom Glavine returns from the Mets—who will be eager to face him.



WASHINGTON NATIONALS

With potential stars in Ryan Zimmerman at third and Lastings Milledge in center, along with an expected bounce-back year from 2006 stud Nick Johnson (he missed '07 with a broken femur), there's finally a light at the end of the tunnel in Washington.



FLORIDA MARLINS

The bad news: They lost innings-eating lefty Dontrelle Willis and All-Star third baseman Miguel Cabrera from a team that went 71-91 a year ago. The good news: They might have a new stadium in Miami by 2011?



N.L. CENTRAL



CHICAGO CUBS

The additions of first-ballot name Hall of Famer Kosuke Fukudome (.351, 31 HR, 104 RBI in his last full season in Japan) and serviceable righty Jon Lieber ensure the Cubbies will win baseball's weakest division for a second year in a row.



MILWAUKEE BREWERS

Closer Francisco Cordero signed with Cincinnati, so the Brew Crew went out and got ... Eric Gagne, who produced a 6.75 E.R.A. in 20 games for Boston last season—then saw his name turn up in the Mitchell Report, linked to performance enhancers.



HOUSTON ASTROS

Miguel Tejada, Carlos Lee, and Lance Berkman will launch many moonshots over the left-field fence at the cozy ballpark formerly known as Enron Field, but after Roy Oswalt, the 'stros are pitching-poor.



ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

Last season's post-World Series hangover deepened with the Rick Ankiel unpleasantness and the stormy departure of GM Walt Jocketty. Plus, the rotation is a series of question marks as Mark Mulder, Matt Clement, and Chris Carpenter are all coming off surgery. Keep savoring that 2006 title, Birds fans.



CINCINNATI REDS

After hiring veteran manager Dusty Baker, the Reds picked up lefty Jeremy Affeldt from Colorado and promised him a shot at the rotation. He'll probably end up in the bullpen, setting up new closer Francisco Cordero, but the Reds still don't have enough quality arms.



PITTSBURGH PIRATES

The Bucs went 68-94 last season and made no significant off-season acquisitions. And seriously, what was the thinking behind last year's Matt Morris deal (see sidebar)? Orioles fans feel their pain.



N.L. WEST



ARIZONA DIAMONDBACKS

The D-Backs' eight-player trade for former A's right-hander Dan Haren was the biggest transaction of the off-season not involving anyone named Santana (or, okay, Bedard). It should give Arizona some breathing room in this insanely tight division.



LOS ANGELES DODGERS

Bounce-back seasons from six-five righty Jason Schmidt (whose 2007 season ended in June with shoulder surgery) and new center fielder Andruw Jones, who hit .222 for Atlanta last season (but still drove in 94 runs), will make Los Angeles a wild-card contender.



COLORADO ROCKIES

The Rockies went a preposterous 20-1 down the stretch last season to steamroll their way into the World Series. They're either going to build on that momentum or come back down to earth. Considering their dubious pitching staff, we're betting on the latter.



SAN DIEGO PADRES

We're dropping the Pods to fourth this year barring some career-twilight magic from Greg Maddux or an injury-free, next-level year from six-ten righty Chris Young. If one or both of those two step up, they'll supplement the brilliance of ace Jake Peavy and San Diego could win this division.



SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS

Hard-throwing youngsters Tim Lincecum and Matt Cain, along with overpaid Barry Zito, should make for a formidable staff, but they will get minimal run support from this lineup.

The D-Backs' trade for former A's righty Dan Haren should give them breathing room in the insanely tight N.L. West.

RAY OF LIGHT

They play in the Sunshine State, but the history of the Tampa Bay (Devil) Rays is clouded with failure. That may be about to change.

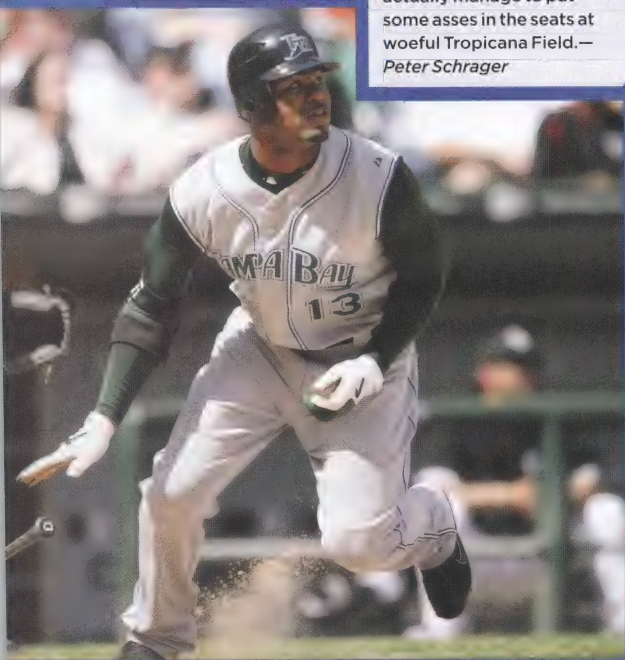
They exorcised the "Devil" from their name, donned new uniforms, and added a bunch of new faces in the off-season. The Tampa Bay Rays have ushered in a new era, and it's about time. In ten years as a Major League Baseball franchise, they have never finished with a winning percentage better than .500, they've yet to win more than 70 games in a season, and they've finished in last place in the A.L. East every year but one. The Rays have also ranked last in A.L. attendance for seven straight seasons.

That should all change in 2008.

Crazy talk? Not exactly. If you're looking for this year's Colorado Rockies—a young team that came out of nowhere to turn the baseball world upside down—look no further than Tampa. The A.L. East title is almost certainly out of reach, but the 2008 Rays could very well make some noise in the American League wild-card chase.

Top to bottom, they're loaded with rising talent. Scott Kazmir (24), James Shields (26), and Matt Garza (24) are three of baseball's top young starting pitchers. Outfielders B. J. Upton—a .300 hitter in '07—Carl Crawford (below), and Rocco Baldelli are legitimate All Star-caliber players under the age of 27. The emerging Dioner Navarro (24) starts behind the plate, rookie third baseman Evan Longoria (22) is considered one of the best prospects in baseball, and first baseman Carlos Pena is fresh off a breakout 2007 season (46 home runs). Reliable gloves

Akinori Iwamura and Jason Bartlett should make a fine double-play tandem at second and short, and David Price, a six-six lefty who was the No. 1 pick in the 2007 draft, might even contribute this season. The farm system is teeming with premier talent as well. The Rays are a promising collection of youth and skill; we won't be surprised if they make a run at the postseason this fall. But we *will* be surprised if they actually manage to put some asses in the seats at woeful Tropicana Field.—Peter Schrager



AMERICAN LEAGUE

A.L. EAST



BOSTON RED SOX

The defending champs didn't need Johan Santana so much as they needed the Yankees *not* to get him. Mission accomplished. And the Sawx—with Jacoby Ellsbury set for a full season in center field, lefty Jon Lester back to 100 percent, and promising righthander Clay Buchholz ready as needed—are better on paper this year than last.



NEW YORK YANKEES

The lineup remains a murderers' row of All-Stars and future Hall of Famers, but much will be asked of young arms Phil Hughes, Ian Kennedy, and Joba Chamberlain. As they go, so will go the Bombers' postseason hopes.

WILD CARD



TORONTO BLUE JAYS

Injuries rippled through the Jays' lineup last season, claiming no fewer than six projected starters for varying lengths of time. And yet Toronto still won 83 games. They've since poached former Cardinals David Eckstein (SS) and Scott Rolen (3B), who they claim is fully healthy.



TAMPA BAY RAYS

It's a brand-new day for the Rays (see sidebar), who are building a potentially studly pitching staff to complement their already solid offense led by Carl Crawford, Carlos Pena (out-of-nowhere 46 homers last year), and, if he can stay healthy, Rocco Baldelli. Cellar dwellers no more.



BALTIMORE ORIOLES

The Orioles are poised to rack up their 11th consecutive losing season (see sidebar), and this one could be worse than last year's 69-93 debacle: They unloaded franchise shortstop Miguel Tejada and ace lefty Erik Bedard for minor leaguers.

A.L. CENTRAL



DETROIT TIGERS

The Tigers traded six prospects to the Florida Marlins for slugging third baseman Miguel Cabrera and lefty Dontrelle Willis, who should be rejuvenated by the run support he'll get in Motown. They also added shortstop Edgar Renteria, who hit .332 for Atlanta last year. October baseball returns to Detroit.



CLEVELAND INDIANS

With almost every player from last year's division-winning team still under contract, the Tribe had an uneventful off-season. But they're fighting for the wild card in '08. Too bad they blew that 3-1 series lead to Boston in the '07 ALCS.



CHICAGO WHITE SOX

The 2005 champs fell to third place in the Central in '06 and a fourth-place 72-90 last season. They've made improvements for 2008 by adding former A's outfielder Nick Swisher and ex-Braves setup man Octavio Dotel, but not enough to contend.



MINNESOTA TWINS

Poor Twins fans: In the past year they've said good-bye to productive second baseman Luis Castillo, pitching prospect Matt Garza, All-Star center fielder Torii Hunter, and two-time Cy Young winner Johan Santana. Only the Royals are keeping Minny from the cellar this year.



KANSAS CITY ROYALS

KC's big off-season signing, former Seattle outfielder Jose Guillen, will sit out the first 15 days on a substance-abuse suspension. Once he gets a taste of Royals baseball, he may wish the suspension were longer.

PLAYOFF PREDICTIONS

National League

- Mets defeat Cubs in three
- D-Backs defeat Phillies in five
- Mets defeat D-Backs in six

American League

- Red Sox defeat Angels in four
- Tigers defeat Yankees in five
- Tigers defeat Red Sox in seven

World Series

- Tigers defeat Mets in six



A.L. WEST



LOS ANGELES ANGELS

Torii Hunter may not be the big bat the Angels needed to complement Vlad Guerrero and Garret Anderson, but the athletic center fielder will be enough to ensure a fourth division title in five years.



SEATTLE MARINERS

We're not sure the Mariners were for real last year, but they did hang around in the division race until late summer and won 88 games, thanks in large part to MVP candidate closer J. J. Putz. They've added excellent former Orioles lefty Erik Bedard. Don't overlook the M's this year.



OAKLAND ATHLETICS

This was a tear-it-up-and-start-over off-season for Oakland and GM Billy Beane as they traded pitcher Dan Haren and outfielder Nick Swisher for handfuls of prospects. Give them a few years.



TEXAS RANGERS

Texas added the potent bats—and troubled histories—of outfielders Josh Hamilton (Reds) and Milton Bradley (Padres). With catcher Jarrod Saltalamacchia and infielders Hank Blalock and Michael Young, Texas will score runs in their hitter's park. But they'll give up more.



MITCHELL REPORT NON-ALL STARS

Apparently, a whole host of players were using the steroids *wrong*.

The Mitchell Report dominated baseball's off-season headlines, casting a shadow over the legacies of marquee players like Roger Clemens (at right, above, at the congressional hearings), Andy Pettitte, and Gary Sheffield.

But the 409-page report was more than a who's who of alleged bad boys; it was also a "Who the hell is that?" Here's a team composed of players mentioned in the Mitchell Report that would struggle against the '62 Mets.

STARTING PITCHER

Steve Woodard: seven seasons, 4.94 E.R.A., 32-36 career record

CATCHER

Bobby Estalella: nine seasons, .216 batting average, 48 career home runs

FIRST BASE

Adam Riggs: four seasons, .216 batting average, three career home runs

SECOND BASE

Chris Donnels: eight seasons, .233 batting average, 17 career home runs

THIRD BASE

Phil Hiatt: four seasons, .216 batting average, 13 career home runs

SHORTSTOP

Howie Clark: parts of five seasons, hit .143 and .204 in his last two seasons

OUTFIELD

F. P. Santangelo: seven seasons, .245 batting average, 21 career home runs

Chad Allen: seven seasons, .269 batting average, 14 career home runs

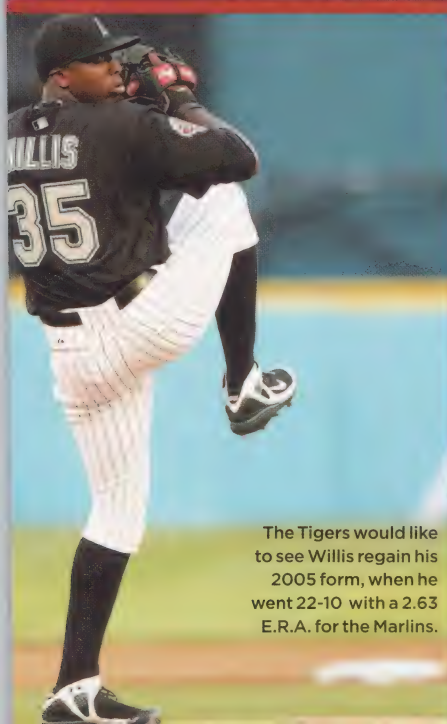
Adam Piatt: four seasons, .248 batting average, 16 career home runs

RELIEF PITCHER

Bart Miadich: two seasons, 12 innings pitched, 6.75 ERA, 0-0 career record

The lesson?

It's okay to just say no, kids. Really, it is.—P.S.



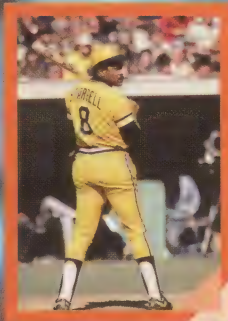
The Tigers would like to see Willis regain his 2005 form, when he went 22-10 with a 2.63 E.R.A. for the Marlins.

LO, HOW THEY'VE FALLEN

Four once-proud franchises have hit all-time lows. Can they rebound?

Of all the interesting and depressing revelations on steroid use in the Mitchell Report—Clemens! Santangelo!—this one jumped out at me: 19 past and present Baltimore Orioles popped up on the list of tainted players. Nineteen! And one of them was Jack Cust (for all the good it did him). For a Baltimore—*Bawlmer* in the local dialect—native and lifelong Orioles fan such as myself, this is only the latest embarrassment for a franchise long removed from its glory days of the 1970s and '80s. Baltimore used to play the "Oriole Way"—hardworking, fundamentally sound baseball with plenty of three-run homers. But as a Yankee announcer astutely pointed out last season: The Oriole Way has lost its way.

Yet the O's are not the only once-proud franchise wandering in the wilderness. We found four, two in each league. Here's how they've tumbled down:



Pittsburgh's 2007 deal for Morris (below) had casual fans scratching their heads—and Pirates fans, who remember the glory days of Stargell (inset), tearing out their hair.

PITTSBURGH
PIRATES

Last Championship: 1979
Icons, Highlights, Glory Days: Honus Wagner, Ralph Kiner, Bill Mazeroski, Roberto Clemente, Willie Stargell, Barry Bonds 1.0; Mazeroski's Game 7 walk-off to beat the Yankees in the 1960 Series remains one of baseball's most inspired moments; the 1979 champs united around their locker-room anthem "We Are Family"; titles in 1909, '25, '60, '71, and '79

Consecutive Losing Seasons to Date: 15
How Bad Is It? What part of 15 straight losing seasons don't you understand? Pittsburgh native Michael Keaton is not happy—he told the tightwad owners in 2006: "At some point, you have to write the check." And then they did: 20 percent of the Pirates' payroll this year will be dedicated to 33-year-old pitcher Matt Morris and his \$9.5 million-per-year contract; Pirates traded for Morris last July, when he was 7-7; he went 3-4 with a 6.10 E.R.A. for them

Estimated Return to Greatness: 2010 would be nice—in time to commemorate 50th anniversary of Mazeroski's shot. But don't bet on it.

BALTIMORE
ORIOLES

Last Championship: 1983

Icons, Highlights, Glory Days: Brooks Robinson, Jim Palmer, Frank Robinson, Dave McNally, Cal Ripken Jr., Eddie Murray; World Series champs in '66, '70, and '83; three 20-game winners in 1970 and four in 1971.

Consecutive Losing Seasons to Date: 10

How Bad Is It? Last August, the O's gave up 30 runs in a single game, the most runs by one team in a game in 110 years; in 1988 they lost their first 21 games of the year; regular-season record of 821-960 since infamous Jeffrey Maier incident of 1996 playoffs

Estimated Year of Return to Greatness: 2012, if Peter Angelos sells the team soon.

KANSAS CITY
ROYALS

Last Championship: 1985
Icons, Highlights, Glory Days: George Brett, Frank White, Bo Jackson, Tom Gordon, Johnny Damon; won 1985's "I-70 Series" over interstate rival St. Louis; Brett was the first player ever to win batting titles in three different decades.

Consecutive Losing Seasons to Date: Four, all 100-plus-loss years

How Bad Is It? Since beloved former owner Ewing Kauffman died in 1993, the Royals have had exactly one winning season; team is now owned by former Wal-Mart CEO David Glass; lost 19 in a row in 2005; signed journeyman pitcher Gil Meche to a five-year, \$55 million deal in 2007; raised ticket prices by 15 percent before the 2008 season

Estimated Year of Return to Greatness: 2020. Maybe.

The Royals have had exactly one winning season since 1993; they raised ticket prices by 15 percent before the 2008 season.

CINCINNATI
REDS

Last Championship: 1990
Icons, Highlights, Glory Days: The Red Stockings were charter members of the National League in 1876; Johnny Vander Meer (back-to-back no-hitters in 1938), Johnny Bench, Pete Rose, Joe Morgan, Tom Seaver; Big Red Machine won the Series in '75 and '76

Consecutive Losing Seasons to Date: Seven

How Bad Is It? Reds icon Pete Rose barred from the Hall of Fame; in the early nineties, owner Marge Schott threw epithets at players, front-office personnel, and pretty much all of Japan; hometown hero Ken Griffey Jr. is entering the last season of a nine-year, \$112 million contract
Estimated Return to Greatness: 2009, finally free of Griffey's contract.—Mac Montandon

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spring breakdown

Risi couldn't believe it. Who the hell has car trouble on the way to spring break? And she didn't even have a fuck buddy to keep her company! Then Risi remembered the diner waitress from lunch. Maybe she could get Lexi to serve up a bedtime treat.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios





Lexi was more than happy to send everyone home and close up by herself when Risi promised to make it worth her while. *Over easy* quickly took on a whole new meaning.





Lexi stripped the coed of everything but her sexy heels, then wet her whistle with Risi's flowing juices, eventually helping herself to second and third helpings of the best tip she'd ever received.







Turning the tables on the svelte waitress, Risi returned the favor, bringing Lexi to a thunderous climax time and again, satisfying the deep need that rocked them both to the core.







No matter who she hooked up with once she got to the beach, Risi was sure of one thing: She'd be leaving a day early and spending another night with Lexi before heading back to school.

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IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF LEXI AND RISI AT
PENTHOUSE.COM/LEXIANDRISI.



Strip Tease

America's adult playground just got the largest, coolest oasis in the world.

Photographs by Jacob Andrzejczak

We placed a bet, rolled the dice, and won big. In January we opened the largest Penthouse Club in the world—46,000 square feet—in Sin City, just one block off the Strip. We celebrated the opening with 200 Penthouse Pets and Key Girls, including 2008 Pet of the Year Erica Ellyson, 2006 Pet of the Year Jamie Lynn, and May 2007 Pet of the Month Andie Valentino. Vegas dancer Heather Dietz, who performed at the debut, said, "The club is very modern-looking and cutting edge. The lighting and the music are perfect. It's going to be the hottest club in Vegas by far."

There are several stages, private rooms with personalized sound systems, and VIP tables with bottle service. But the most buzzed-about feature (besides the girls, of course) was the R U 702 lounge, a VIP room for locals. Membership is free with a Nevada ID, and the first drink is always on the house. Plus, patrons are eligible once a month to win a vacation package for Hedonism Resort in Jamaica. "It makes the locals feel more comfortable, like there is somewhere for them to go," said Heather. "It's what sets Penthouse apart from other clubs in Vegas."

Of course, tourists are always welcome at the spacious club, and we promise that you won't feel like you're missing out on anything.

At the grand opening, the ladies mingled with *Howard Stern's* Artie Lange, St. Louis Rams running back Steven Jackson, UFC fighter Frank Trigg, and comedian Jeff Becher.

Cali Taylor, the winner of our Key Girl competition and our February 2008 Pet of the Month, told us, "I met Principal Belding from *Saved by the Bell*. It was awesome! He was really nice and friendly." Cali, who's always friendly herself, signed autographs for patrons in the club's gift shop, which features a line of *Penthouse* products.

Mayor Oscar Goodman invited Penthouse Pet Prinzess (October 2004) and Vegas Key Girls Teresa and Devon to his office and presented them with the key to the city. The ladies gave the good mayor a little something in return—a key to the Penthouse Club—and made sure to let him know that he'll be well taken care of if he drops by.

After a night at the roulette tables, the Penthouse Club is a sure thing. Just don't forget that in Vegas, the Penthouse always wins. **OH**





"It's very modern-looking and cutting edge. The lighting and the music are perfect. It's going to be the hottest club in Vegas by far."—dancer Heather Dietz



February Pet of the Month Cali Taylor (top) signed autographs for fans in the club's gift shop; dancers Aaricia (left), Melissa (right), and Heather (top right) helped us celebrate the grand opening.

Just the FAQs, Ma'am

That male aversion to asking for directions won't get you anywhere in a sex shop. Lucky for you, we're shameless. We sent our intrepid girl reporter to track down a few female shop owners and get their off-the-cuff answers to the on-the-job questions men ask most frequently.

By Jennifer Matlack • Illustrations by Dave Watts

Before the arrival of the woman-owned and -operated sex shop in the mid-1970s, only male-oriented adult stores existed. You could catch a dimly lit peep show and enjoy a fat cigar, but you knew one thing for sure: The dude behind the counter wasn't going to teach you the finer points of using a vibrator on your girlfriend. Today, female-operated shops are one of the best places to get answers to your sex questions. These are the 12 most common questions guys ask in these sex-friendly establishments.

Is there anything that will make my dick bigger during sex?

"A penis extension sleeve can add girth to your penis and increase its length up to four inches," says April McKillip, owner of Melrose Urban Female (MelroseUrbanFemale.com). "But because the tip of the sleeve is padded to add length, only your girlfriend will experience sensation."

A better bet may be the Maverick masturbation sleeve. "It's designed for solo sex, but if you wear it inside out, exposing its soft, nubby lining, it'll increase cock size and provide a pantload of feeling to you *and* your girlfriend during intercourse," says Claire Cavanah, cofounder of Babeland (Babeland.com).

What can I do to make a condom feel more natural?

Put a small dollop of lubricant inside the tip before you put it on. "That will allow the condom to move freely over the head of your penis, enabling you to feel more tightness and friction," says Cavanah. "Customers also rave about Inspiral condoms, which are designed with a big ballooned tip. Guys have told me that they're the answer to their safe-sex prayers."

How can I keep from coming too fast?

Try using a cock ring, designed to trap blood in the penis. Cock rings slide over or fasten around the base of your shaft and testicles. "Wearing one may make you stay engorged for longer," says Cavanah. "Some guys even find that a cock ring keeps them so hard for so long that they're only able to come by taking it off."

Does size really matter to women?

"Research suggests that men may care more about penis size than women do, and when you ask women, the majority of them say it isn't the most important, or even a very important, consideration in what makes a good lover, let alone a good boyfriend," says Sarah Forbes-Roberts, co-owner of Come as You Are (ComeAsYouAre.com). "It's easy to fixate on something you can't change, like penis size, rather than thinking about the things you can, like your ability and willingness to talk with your girlfriend about sex."



How can I make my girlfriend come during intercourse?

Pay attention to her clitoris. "Most women need clitoral stimulation in order to have an orgasm," says Searah Deysach, owner of Early to Bed (Early2Bed.com). While you're thrusting in and out of your partner, rotate your thumb on her clit or encourage her to touch herself. A small vibrator will get her off, too. Or wear a vibrating cock ring, a stretchy or adjustable leather ring that fits on the base of your penis and has a small vibe attached to it that buzzes the clitoris. Or swap positions. "Many women find that if they're on top during sex, they can climax more easily by grinding down on their man," says Deysach.

Is there something my girlfriend can take to make her horny?

Sorry, but there's no magic pill, potion, or lotion that will drive the ladies wild. Besides, "turning on a woman isn't something you should want to cut short," says Deysach. "If you want to amp up your woman's sex drive, you should tune into her, touch her, and kiss her special parts."

How can I get my girlfriend to use a vibrator?

"Start with something that won't scare her," says Kim Airs, owner of Grand Opening (GrandOpening.com). That means avoiding vibrators that have lots of bells and whistles, like nubs, ridges, and little appendages for clitoral stimulation. "To a novice, these things can be off-putting," says Airs, who also suggests avoiding vibrators that resemble larger-than-life penises. "If it looks like an enormous phallus, your partner's immediately going to think, *You want to stick that in me?*" Instead, choose an innocuous-looking vibe that fits in the palm of your hand. When you use it with your woman the first time, go slow. "Use it on her shoulders, neck, and back first," says Airs. "Then after she warms up to the sensation, make your way to her stomach, thighs, butt, and beyond."

If my partner uses a vibrator or a dildo, does she still need me?

"Of course," says Cavanah. "A sex toy can't cuddle or bring your girlfriend coffee in bed." Seriously, though, if you're the one to suggest that your lover use a dildo or vibe in bed, it may bring the two of you closer. "She's going to see that you're concerned about her experience in bed," says Cavanah.

My girlfriend doesn't like the way I taste. Is there anything I can do about that?

Yes—watch what you're putting in your mouth. "It's well-known that red meat, garlic, coffee, tobacco, and alcohol make semen taste less than delicious," says Cavanah. "To improve your flavor, add parsley, mint, or pineapple to your diet. Anything that freshens or sweetens your breath will enhance the way you taste."

Where's the G spot?

The G spot is located about one to two inches inside a woman on the front wall of her vagina. To find it, gently insert two fingers inside your partner when she's aroused, then curl them toward you in a "come hither" motion. Feel that cluster of spongy tissue? G marks the spot. "If you press down on the G spot while stimulating the clit, your partner may have more intense orgasms," says Deysach.

My girlfriend is afraid of anal sex. How can I convince her to have it with me?

"I always hear women say, 'Oh, I tried it once and it hurt like hell, so I'm not going to do it again. Period,'" says Airs. If that's the case with your girlfriend, ask her to step back from her painful past



While you're thrusting in and out, rotate your thumb on her clit or encourage her to touch herself. Or use a small vibrator or wear a vibrating cock ring.

experience. "Anal sex should never hurt," says Airs. "The three key words here are communication, relaxation, and lubrication. If you talk about it openly and plan carefully, so she's completely relaxed before and during penetration, and use gobs and gobs of lube, she may end up getting off on it. Try telling her that she'll never know how she really feels about it until she does it the right way—with you."

Why would I ever want to use a butt plug?

For the same reason you might want your girlfriend to stick her finger up your butt: to put pressure on your prostate gland, a sensitive walnut-size sex organ that can be stimulated through the wall of the rectum. "Butt play is the last frontier for straight guys," says Cavanah. "A butt plug will push on your prostate, making everything feel fuller, so that when you finally come, your orgasm will be over-the-top intense." 

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Fiery 19-year-old Jayme Langford may just be the perfect girl—the 32-23-33 beauty from Maine is into hard rock, *South Park*, and mixed-martial-arts fighting, her favorite drink is beer, and she *loves* posing nude.

Photographs by James Hundhausen



"My ideal date is simple: We hang out with beers and talk. I'd rather go to his place than go out to a club. If he can't entertain me hanging at home, he's not the guy for me."





"I was a wild teenager, even though I was a straight-A student in high school and graduated a year early. But I was suspended on several occasions for drugs, alcohol, and fighting."







"I would love to live in Amsterdam for a while. It's so much more liberal than the United States, and I like to do whatever I want."



"When it comes to fantasizing, I'm all about the girls—preferably blondes and redheads. My favorite fantasy is a big all-girl orgy."



WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. TO SEE MORE OF JAYME, VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/JAYMELANGFORD.





Dirty Dioramas

Japanese “hidden” museums go way beyond anything we’ve seen in the States.

Japanese entrepreneur Masato Matsuno—also known as Professor Sex—makes the founders of Manhattan’s Museum of Sex look like prudes. In 1971, Matsuno put his fascination with the sexual into the public eye by founding the first major Japanese sex museum, or *hihokan* (literally, “House of Hidden Treasures”).

The branch in Ise features some of the most shocking exhibits in the world, from a preserved whale vagina at the entrance to dioramas of Vikings having violent sex and a Dalí-esque display of melting vaginas.

Many of the attractions in the museum are depictions of intercourse, including full-scale mannequins portraying mythology-based sexual encounters with a swan, a centaur, and one another. There are also rooms filled with penises—dried

animal penises, models of penises, wooden penises, and any other kind of phallic representation you can think of—and interactive exhibits. If you don’t feel like taking the stairs, shimmy down the penis slide. Try your luck at a carnival game, firing a gun to make a penis slide into a pussy. You can even end your trip with a romantic stroll through a giant vagina.

There are a handful of Matsuno’s museums throughout Japan, including one in Oita and another in Atami, but the original in Ise is the largest and most impressive, and you can check it out for a mere 25 bucks. We trust you can find a love hotel on your own afterward.

STRETCHMASTER

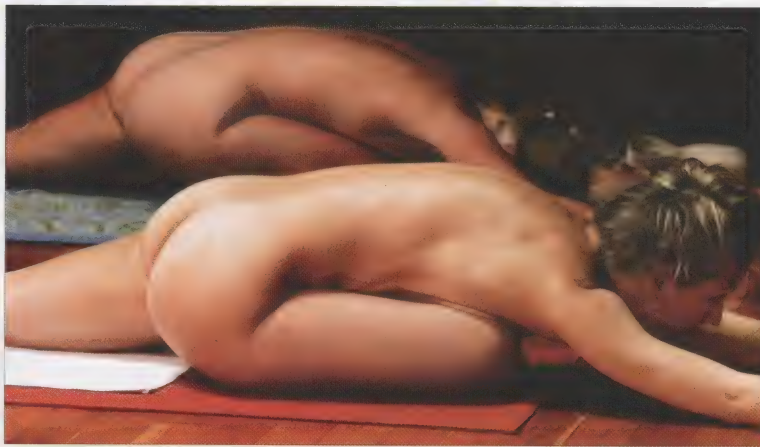
FOX BLOCK
 (\'bäks•\'bläk\)
 the female
 equivalent of a
 cock block

Down,
Dog

Yoga is sexy to start with, but classes like this one in San Francisco, where everyone is nude, take it to the next level.

Yoga is said to be good for achieving inner calm, but with a coed naked class, it's definitely good for indulging your inner voyeur. If you get turned on by a flexible woman doing a perfect downward dog—who doesn't?—a mere \$18 gets you into one of Wendy Tremayne's sensual sessions in New York (GaiaTreeHouse.com). If you can get through the session without getting a hard-on, you're way more focused than anyone around here.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (RIGHT) LANCE IVERSEN/
 SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE/CORBIS

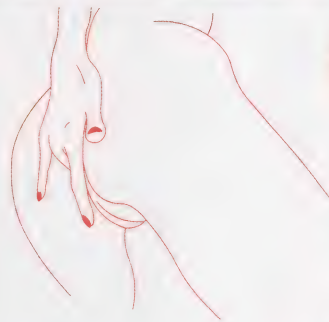


AMERICAN PARODY

Advertising
 American Apparel cashes
 in on our porn fetish.
 By Steve Almond

American Apparel has always trod that lucrative line between shame-free and shameless, promoting its casual wear as the politically correct answer to sweatshops, yet running ads of young women in compromising positions. The adverts for the Los Angeles-based clothing giant have spawned a fleet of imitations, including a provocative copycat in New York City—a billboard showcasing a pair of line drawings: one of a pantyless woman providing herself reach-around pleasure and another of the same woman wearing only tube socks. The tagline—lifted directly from an AA ad featuring porn starlet Lauren Phoenix—reads

"Safe to Say She Loves Her Socks." The creator of the parody is a veteran designer whose blog project "mixes a fictitious New York with the real one." She (yes, she) used AA's ads because they're "sexy and kind of cool, but at the same time there is something wrong with them." We doubt Dov Charney, AA's CEO, is losing sleep over it. He appears to have figured out long ago that if you show just enough skin to trigger the fantasy without tripping the peep-show wire, you're golden. Bonus points if you rile up Christian and talk-radio blowhards, since that stimulates buzz and street cred among hipsters. We gotta give the guy props: He's figured out that Americans love nothing more than being scandalized, and he's made it work for him.



Safe to say
 she loves
 her socks



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RING MASTER

A HOT TALE FROM LETTERS TO PENTHOUSE XXXIX:
TAKE A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE,
PUBLISHED BY GRAND CENTRAL PUBLISHING

MY GIRLFRIEND ALICIA HAD THE MOST AMAZING TITS.

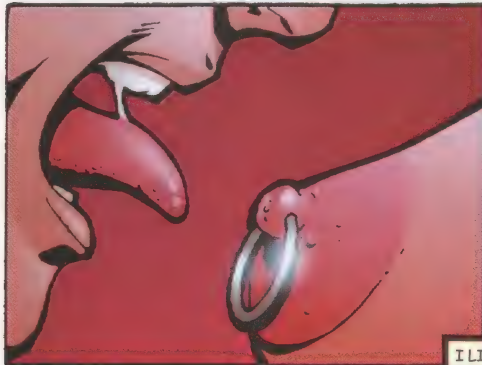
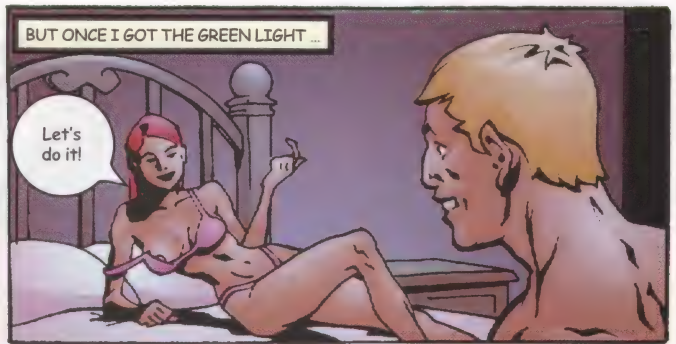
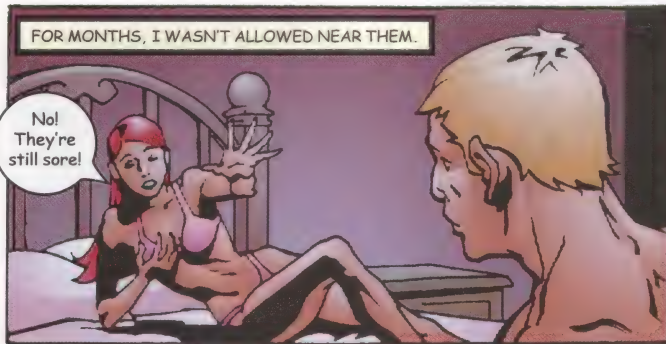
ART BY JASON JOHNSON
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SEEING HOW HOT SHE GOT WHEN I PLAYED WITH HER NIPPLES ...

Ooh,
Jason!

I TOLD HER SHE'D BE A PERFECT CANDIDATE FOR NIPPLE PIERCING.

THAT SAME
DAY WE
MADE AN
APPOINTMENT
FOR
PIERCINGS.
WHEN THE
DEED WAS
DONE, SHE
SAID HER NIPS
WERE A LITTLE
SORE AND
EVEN MORE
SENSITIVE.
JUST THE
FEELING
OF HER BRA
BRUSHING
OVER THEM
FELT INTENSE.



I LICKED AND TUGGED ON THE RINGS WITH MY TEETH.



AND WHEN I FINALLY SLID MY COCK INTO HER ...



THE SEX WAS INCREDIBLE!







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Photographs by Misha

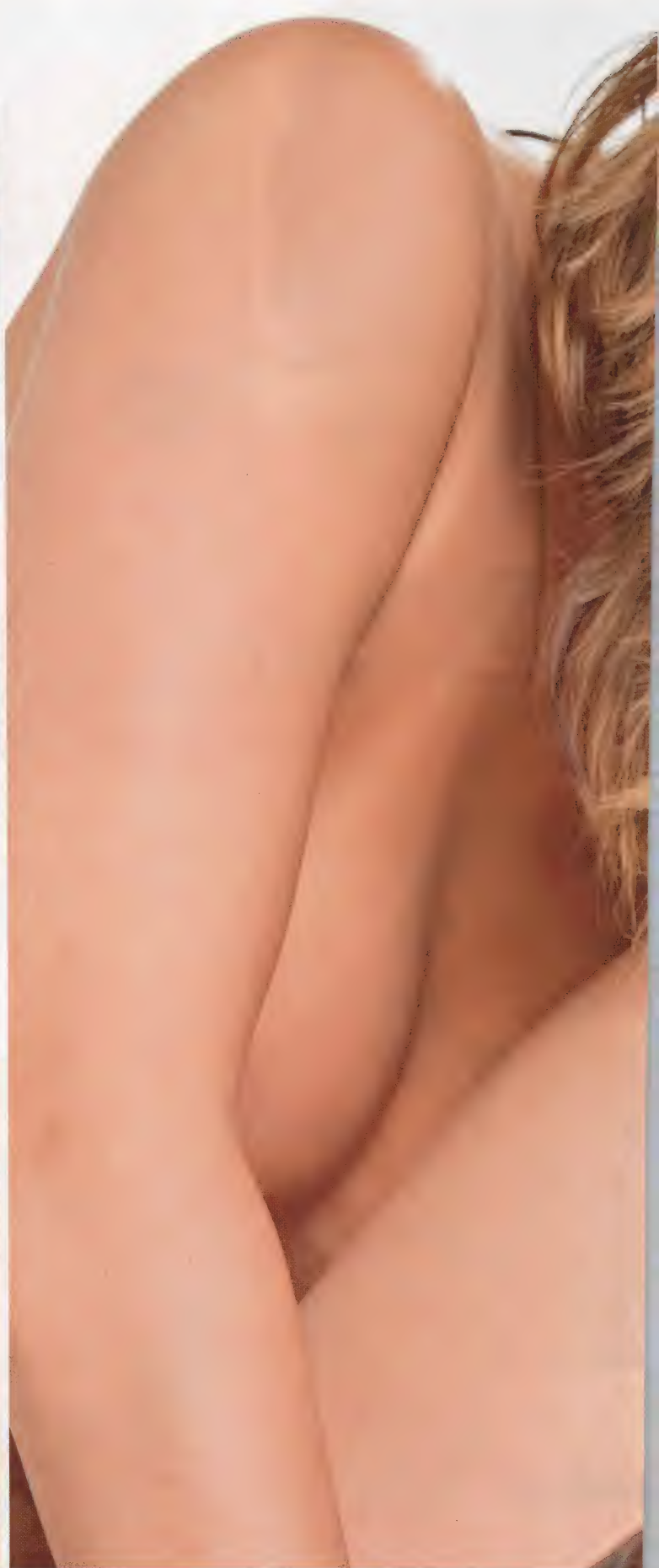
















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- Q.** Are the results permanent?
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- Q.** How much growth can I realistically expect?
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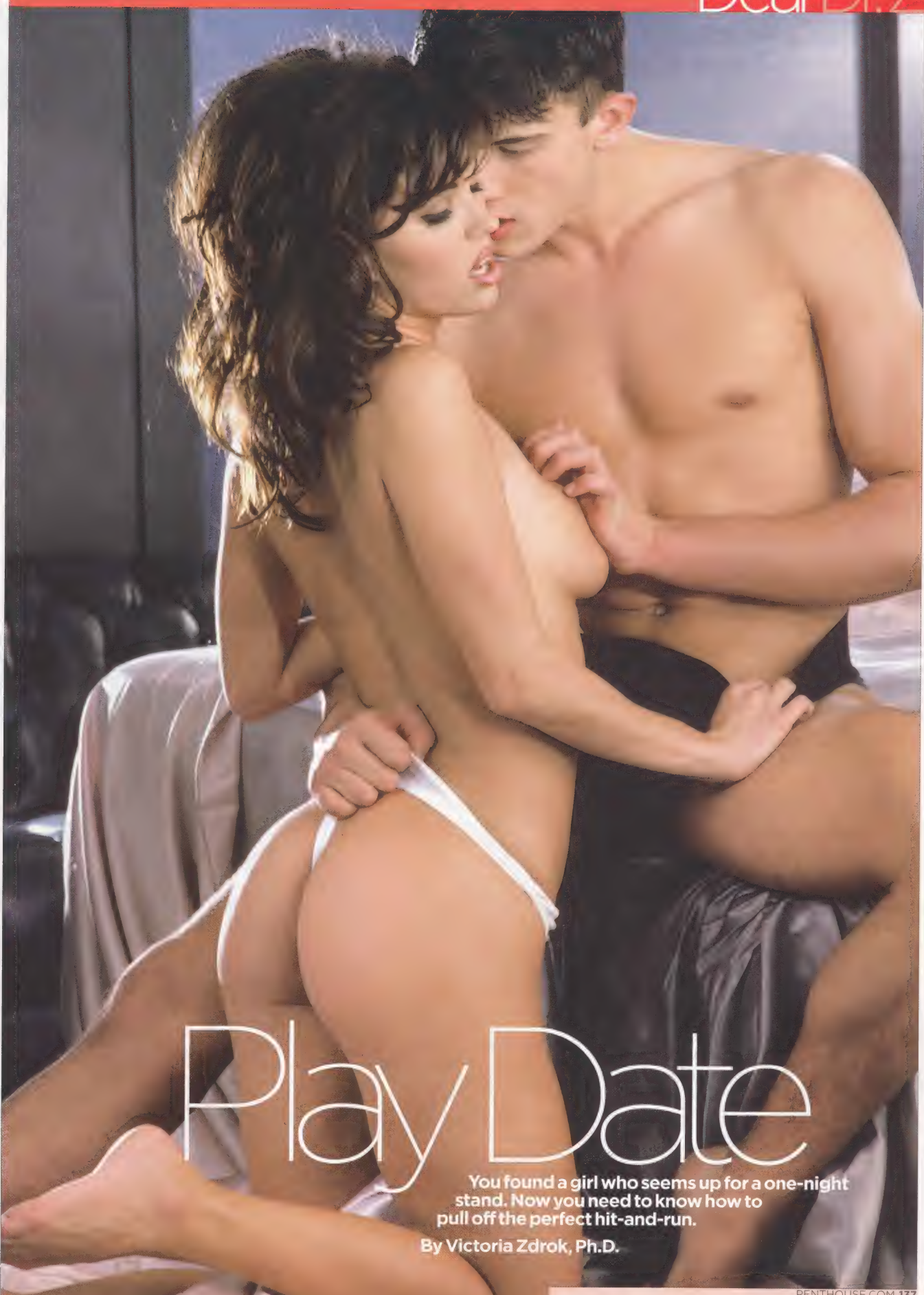
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Play Date

You found a girl who seems up for a one-night stand. Now you need to know how to pull off the perfect hit-and-run.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

Last month, we told you how to find a one-hit wonder. That's only the first step. There are several key techniques for sealing the deal that can get her into the sack and back out of it on your terms.

HEAR AND NOW

Women always complain that men don't listen, so if you come across as the guy who does, she'll want to continue the conversation after leaving the bar—hopefully in her bedroom. Research shows that when women engage in heartfelt discussions, their brains release the attachment hormone oxytocin, the same hormone released after orgasm that gives her that warm and fuzzy feeling, so reveal little about yourself and let her talk to her heart's content. To come across as a real "listener," employ the technique used by shrinks: Paraphrase what she's saying to "reflect" her feelings. If she says she just relocated from another town, commend her on her brave move and say, "It must have taken a lot of courage to leave your family behind and move here on your own."

Women yearn to be in the arms of someone who makes them feel comfortable. To establish a bond, begin referring to the two of you as "we" in a casual manner. Say things like, "Is it just me, or are we the only folks here who don't look like we're trying out for *Dancing With the Stars*?" Look for buzzwords or word-hooks that you can use to create shared attitudes. If she says, "It's crowded in here," you should use "crowded" as a hook, adding something like, "Yeah, I don't like crowds either."

Propositioning her directly will often be perceived as crass, but talking about your sexual experiences in "flowery" terms will often subconsciously put a woman in the mood. Give her a compliment that highlights her sex appeal, such as, "You have such a sensuous mouth." You can invoke sexual imagery by describing enjoyable experiences, such as cuddling in front of a fireplace or reminiscing about skinny-dipping in some exotic locale.

THE FINISHING TOUCH

Establish yourself as a "physical" guy from the beginning. When you shake her hand, let it linger. During conversation, nonchalantly touch her palms, arms, back, and thighs, and observe her reaction. Ask her to dance, then lean in and whisper in her ear. Remember, it's the light, fleeting touch that's the most erotic and suggestive, so stay away from grabbing or feeling her up. Tell her how much you love giving massages, and offer to demonstrate your knowledge of acupressure points. (As an excuse to touch her, it might be worth learning a few of them.)

But keep in mind that while you are building sexual tension through innuendo and fleeting touches, you should avoid appearing overly eager to get her in the sack. Obvious lustfulness is a turnoff—women don't want a guy who acts like a Pavlovian dog salivating at the sight of meat. If you feel yourself getting too invested in the outcome, just tell yourself that you can always get it somewhere else some other time. If she stalls, act aloof and play hard to get. By becoming a "distancer," you can frequently turn a woman into a "pursuer."

HOME RUN

The prime location for a one-nighter is her place. If she is staying at a hotel, that's where you should seduce her; otherwise, ask her a few casual questions to discern her living situation. Does she live alone? Does she have to work the next morning? If she mentions any hobbies or collections (such as her favorite music, book, or movie), express eager interest in seeing it. She'll feel much safer and more comfortable in her own apartment, and you'll be able to make a clean exit if you don't feel like sleeping over. Many hot women, however, are secretive about their homes—after all, what if you turn out to be a loser who's prone to stalking? Some women may be living with a roommate or a boyfriend, so don't push the issue if she is not forthcoming with an invitation to her place. If you can afford it, offer to have drinks at a nice hotel nearby so you can get a room if she seems interested.

If your place is clean and relatively neat, with fresh sheets and no intrusive roomies, then that's your second-best option. Carry a conversation piece that is related to





If you make sure she comes first (or at all), you might be able to turn her into a regular booty call.

items you have at home; it will give her a good excuse to come over. This could be a silver chain around your neck or a pair of unusual cuff links that will prompt conversation about your artifacts from Mexico. Or you can carry a digital camera in your pocket so you can talk about your photograph collection. Many women want to maintain the pretense of spontaneous intimacy and a heat-of-the-moment decision rather than a planned sexual encounter, so giving her a nonsexual excuse to come to your home will turn this into a game of seduction. If neither of you has a place that's appropriate and the weather is good, you can always opt for alfresco sex.

PLEASE PLEASE HER

Women do not have the same urgency for sexual release as guys do. While you're just happy to get laid, even if the sex is mediocre, a woman willing to sleep with a stranger is looking for good sex. I like a guy who announces in advance that he will do whatever it takes to give his partner an orgasm every time—and if you make sure she comes first (or at all), you might be able to turn her into a regular booty call. And don't slack off

just because you don't plan to see her again. Never forget that women talk, and if you're great in bed, the word might get around to her hot girlfriends.

DEVISE A SAFE EXIT STRATEGY

If you want to leave right after sex, you need a good exit plan. Have a good reason ready if she asks why you're taking off—and it better not be that your wife is expecting you home. If you stay overnight, don't try to sneak out before she wakes up. It'll backfire if she wakes up while you're tying your shoes. But if you are caught escaping, have a good excuse prepared for your early-morning rush (like you were so into her that you forgot about an important breakfast meeting). That way, neither of you will be too embarrassed if you accidentally leave something behind that you need to retrieve, or if you run into her later. If you score at your place, have a reason ready for why she can't stay over (that important morning meeting works again!) and put it out there early, *not* postcoital—that leaves you free to start up a second or third round of lovemaking!

MIND YOUR MANNERS

Always thank your lover for a good time, even if she turned out to be a lousy lay. If you're grumpy in the morning, blame it on a hangover and be sure to compliment her, even if that ten at two looks like a rumpled two at ten. Unless you're looking for more than a one-nighter, don't stay for breakfast—that creates expectations and the need for small talk. Make a perfunctory exchange of phone numbers or, better yet, e-mail addresses, and never be rude. We can't say this enough: She has friends, and women talk. If you're a morning-after jerk, her girlfriends will know about it and you'll never score with them. On the other hand, if you act like a prince, you may end up with a harem of hot chicks panting at your pants. 

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X-Rated Video

By Eric Danville

The Fisher Queen

Amy Fisher Caught on Tape
(Red Light District) **1.1.1.1**

The Amy Fisher sex scandal had it all: underage prostitution, an Elektra complex, suburban infidelity, attempted murder. Body-shop mechanic Joey Buttafuoco became a minor celebrity, Amy went to jail, and wife Mary Jo made the rounds of TV talk shows, cementing the trio's place in pop culture. Now comes this especially salacious footnote: the Long Island Lolita's very own sex tape. While Amy was a good-looking bundle of white trash back in her late teens, the post-prison version is a bit rougher around the edges. But she still possesses an almost childlike sexuality, and she's certainly still down for a good time. She blows her husband in the tub and takes a come shot on her tits, prongs herself with a vibrator, and even gets into a little spanking and bondage play. Now Fisher has not only made a dream come true—"I always wanted to be a porn star," she says at one point—but she's proved herself to be the great hump everyone suspected she was 15 years ago, without all those pesky felonies getting in the way.

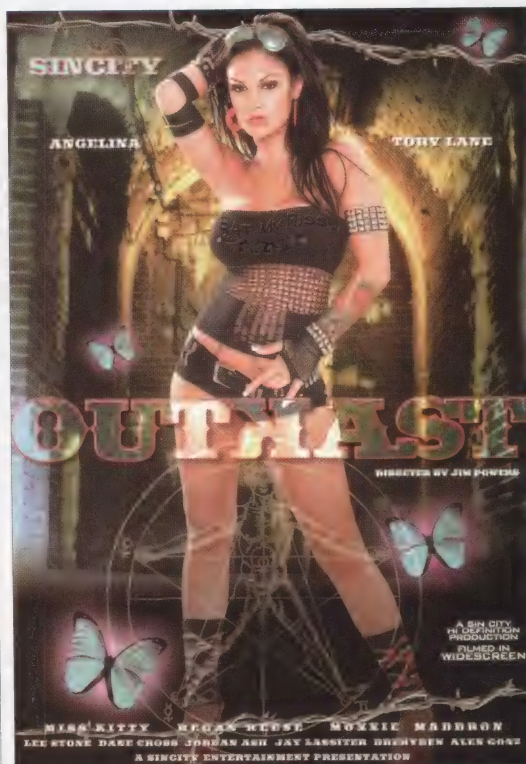
All That Glitters Is Not Old

Awesome M.I.L.F.'s

(Rosebud Productions) **1.1.1.1**

These sexy scenes with older-than-average performers go a long way in demonstrating that you should never write off a porn star because of her age. Nicole Sheridan still has the tiny waist and heart-shaped ass that drove fans (including yours truly) wild back in the day, and dresses them up in a tight black skirt that she peels off for her studly partner. She hasn't lost her affinity (or talent) for sucking cock, either, swallowing him down while she sits on his face, then mounting him in the scene that gets our vote for best in show. Alexandra Quinn, no stranger to a sex scandal herself, brings her career full circle—from underage performer to full-fledged MILF—with Lexington Steele, who brings 12 inches of hard black cock to the table, driving it deep down her throat before she graciously takes it just as deep up her ass. Super busty Cassandra, Buffy Van Norton, and foxy Vanessa Blue are also out to prove that older gals can still strut their stuff—and prove it they do.

Grab it now
Hold on tight
Pick it up
Worth a look
Hands off



Penthouse Pick

Outkast

(Sin City) **1.1.1.1**

The theme of raunchy chicks living life on the edge is played out to ball-draining perfection by a cast of rough and ready fuckstresses. Young bucks should head straight to scene three, where tatted and tarty Regan Reese throws down a punk-rock fucking scene that boasts balls-deep banging, a face-glazing finish, and a cameo by a pickled alien. (The always enthusiastic Reese may be one of the few alt-porn finds who'll have some shelf life over the next few years.) Angelina Valentine's scene has the funniest setup—repo man Lee Stone finds her in the trunk of a car he's just snatched—but the pounding he gives her is nothing to laugh at. Super slutty Tory Lane does double duty, pulling a pair of rent-a-cocks in the opener, then teaming up with partner-in-slime Moxxie Maddron to close out the disc with a four-man scorcher that has plenty of action hung on a framework of authority-figure role playing. From beginning to end, the sex in *Outkast* is high-energy, high-quality, and highly recommended. **O+**



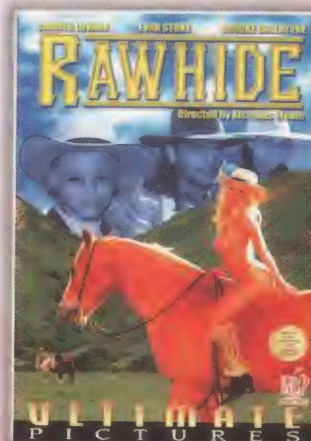
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GAME NIGHT

It was Saturday night and my wife Maria and her girlfriend Eve had already commandeered the living room and flat-screen TV. I couldn't complain too much, though. I wasn't even supposed to be home. I should have been at a buddy's house playing poker, but the plans fell through. Being stuck at home wouldn't have been so bad if the girls had chosen a good film to watch, but it looked like a typical chick flick.

I retreated to the bedroom with a soda and a bag of chips to watch the game on the tiny TV. When I'd eaten

my way to the bottom of the bag, I went to the kitchen to see what else we had to snack on. As I passed by the living room, I thought I heard Eve tell my wife that she had never kissed another girl. I froze mid-step and quietly backed up. Maria said she hadn't either, but she'd sometimes thought about it.

Damn! What the hell had I missed

I squeezed my throbbing cock through my shorts as I watched Eve unzip Maria's pants, then slip her fingers inside her panties.

during the game? Then I heard Eve suggest they try kissing each other! I didn't realize that I had actually stepped inside the room until Maria looked over at me. I can only imagine the eager look I must have had on my face as she moved toward Eve. The kiss only lasted about 30 seconds, but as those two beautiful women pressed their lips together, I felt the blood rush into my cock.

It was over way too soon for me, but there was still hope. Maria said she wanted to try it again. This time the kiss lasted about two minutes.

"That felt really nice," Eve said.

Then, suddenly realizing that this little experiment might escalate into a three-for-all, I ran to the bedroom to find the video camera. By the time I returned to the living room, Maria's shirt and bra were off and Eve was sucking on her nipples as she continued to rub Maria's clit.

I knew that Maria was really into it when she told Eve to kiss her pussy. Eve pulled off Maria's pants and panties and knelt between her legs, planting enough kisses over Maria's mound and clit to make her squeal with delight. Spurred on by Maria's

cries of encouragement, Eve began tongue-fucking Maria in earnest.

Since Maria's eyes were still closed and Eve's head was buried in my wife's pussy, the women were oblivious to my presence as I moved only inches from them with the camera. I zoomed in and captured Eve's tongue darting in and out of Maria's fuck hole, and her fingers playing over Maria's clit until she'd driven Maria over the edge.

Once they'd caught their breath, they saw me watching them with a big grin on my face. Eve looked a little surprised, but Maria just shook her head and told Eve to ignore me. Then she wasted no time ridding Eve of her clothes. Maria knows I'm a horny dog, but also practical, and this was just too good a scene to pass up. No matter what happened afterward, Maria and I could always have a lot of fun watching this sexy encounter over and over again.

Eve surrendered to the thrilling sensation of Maria's tongue vibrating against her clit. She was up for anything now.

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"I know," Maria said, "and it made me wet."

"Really? How wet?" Eve asked.

Looking at me again with a smile on her face, Maria said, "That's for me to know and you to find out."

I squeezed my throbbing cock through my shorts as I watched Eve unzip Maria's pants, then slip her fingers inside her panties.

"You are wet!" Eve said. It looked like she was moving her fingers back and forth over Maria's pussy, then must have touched her clit, because Maria's response was immediate.

"Oh, that feels good, Eve!" Maria gasped, as her head fell back and her eyes closed.

I couldn't believe I was seeing this.

Maria guided Eve over her face and lapped at her pussy. Eve looked down at Maria, then turned to look at me.

"Don't mind me," I said, backing up slightly to make sure I had both of them properly framed. Then Maria pulled Eve down over her face again and continued sucking her off. Eve surrendered to the thrilling sensation of Maria's tongue vibrating against her clit. Seeing her come was amazing—she held on to the arm of the sofa as her body quaked with orgasmic tremors. She was up for anything now.

I was ready to start stroking my cock when Maria suggested we'd all be more comfortable in the bedroom. She said she wanted to tape me while I fucked Eve. I hopped out of my shorts on the way to the bedroom and waited anxiously for Eve to lie on the bed. As soon as her ass hit the sheets, I was between her legs, tasting her sweet nectar. I made her come once, but like a kid at Christmas, I couldn't wait to get the gift inside. I turned her over and pulled her onto her knees, driving my cock deep into her sopping snatch from behind. I hoped Maria had the camera focused because I was not going to last long. With Eve thrusting back to meet me stroke for stroke, I thought I would self-combust when I came.

When I was able to open my eyes and focus, there was my wife with the camera trained on us. I hoped I looked as satisfied as I felt. Then, while I recouped, I taped Maria and Eve in a 69 and later rejoined them in a threesome that lasted for over two hours. It was a great time. We all slept well into the afternoon, and then decided to go shopping—for a tripod!—*F.R., Minnesota*

ON DEMAND

The first thing I did when I came home was strip off my clothes. It was warm out, but still too early to turn on the air conditioner. I opened the windows and stretched out bare-assed on top of the sheets, enjoying a slight breeze against my skin. Running my hands along my belly and up over my breasts set off a different kind of heat inside me—one I couldn't ignore.

With my knees raised and my feet placed firmly on the sheet, I closed my eyes and moved my hands lower, letting my fingers roam between my legs. I was just wet enough for them to glide easily back and forth. When I was about to touch my clit, another hand pushed mine aside. I opened my



eyes and there was Todd, smiling as he climbed onto the bed.

"Playing without me?" he asked, as he moved between my legs.

"I didn't know when you'd be home, and I couldn't wait," I said, rocking my hips against him. "Some things demand immediate attention."

"I know just what you mean," he said, laughing, as his fingers delved deeper into me. I trapped his hand between my thighs and sat up to kiss him, giggling when I felt his fingers twitching inside me. His lips touched mine briefly before he started lightly

nipping my neck. My giggles turned to soft moans at the feel of his stroking fingers and the rough denim against my sensitive skin.

"You're going to have to get out of those clothes—now!" I said. I don't think I've ever seen him move so fast. In a flash, he was naked, overtaking my mouth with his, molding my body against him. I reached for his dick and discovered he was as ready as I was.

"I'll give it to you," he whispered against my ear. "I know how you like it—hard and fast."

"If you know so much, what are you waiting for?" I said, knowing that would get him going. Sure enough, he quickly spread my legs and entered me, leaving me weak.

"That's it. Fuck, yeah."

"What else do you want me to do?" he asked, resting his weight against me as he hammered me with short, hard strokes.

"Fingers—fingers on my clit," I said between pants, holding on to him for dear life. He held me by my waist with

In a flash, he was naked, taking my mouth with his, molding my body against him. He was as ready as I was.

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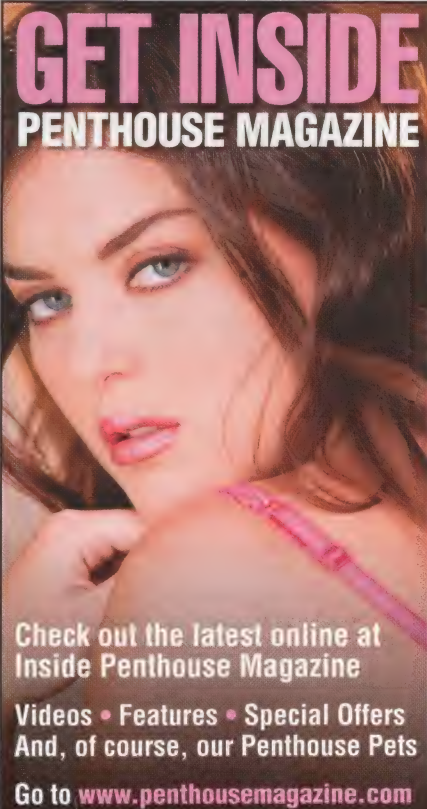
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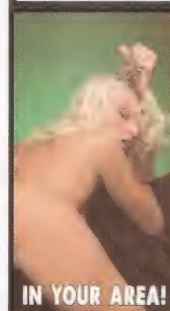
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one hand, and used the other to finger my clit. It wasn't going to take much more for me to come. I'd started to contract around him like a vise.

"Good, huh?" he said between ragged breaths. I was almost there when I felt a change mid-thrust and his finger found its way to my asshole. My body arched forward and I cried out, shaking as I came.

I think Todd cried out something, too, as his ramrod cock slammed into me once more, but all I could hear were moans and pants, mine mixed with his. Our movements slowed, and he pulled me sideways, his cock still buried as his hands massaged my thighs and breasts.—*M.C., Illinois*

HAND JOB

I was riding my motorcycle home from work one night when I decided to stop for a drink. I sat at the bar, ordered a beer, and looked around for a familiar face. The only person I knew was Andie, a nurse at the hospital where I'd been doing some construction work. She was beating some guy's ass at pool, and every time she bent over to take a shot, I thought my heart would stop. Andie is amazing looking, with spiked blonde hair, great breasts, and a fine ass that she usually showcased in tight white pants.

When the game was finished, she looked my way and smiled. Then she sauntered toward me.

"Flying solo tonight?"

"Yeah," she said, taking the stool next to mine.

I bought her a beer and finished mine. We talked and played a few games of pool, until the place was ready to close. She didn't have a ride home, so I offered to take her. She'd ridden a motorcycle before and wasn't shy about holding on to me. She felt really good up against me, her breasts pressing into my back. She could have walked home, or I could have taken a direct route to her house, but where would the fun have been in that?

When I finally pulled up in front of her place, she climbed off the bike and said, "Thanks for the ride, Trent. I've got some beer in the fridge, if you're thirsty."

Of course, I followed her in. She told me to have a seat while she went to the kitchen. She returned with the beers, sat beside me on the couch, and we talked for a while. When she

told me she was a licensed masseuse, I feigned disbelief and told her anyone could give a massage.

She laughed and told me to take off my shirt. While I pulled the shirt over my head, Andie knelt next to me and told me to turn my back to her.

"What about the oil?" I asked.

Her large breasts squeezed out from beneath her, and I slid my hands along them as I worked.

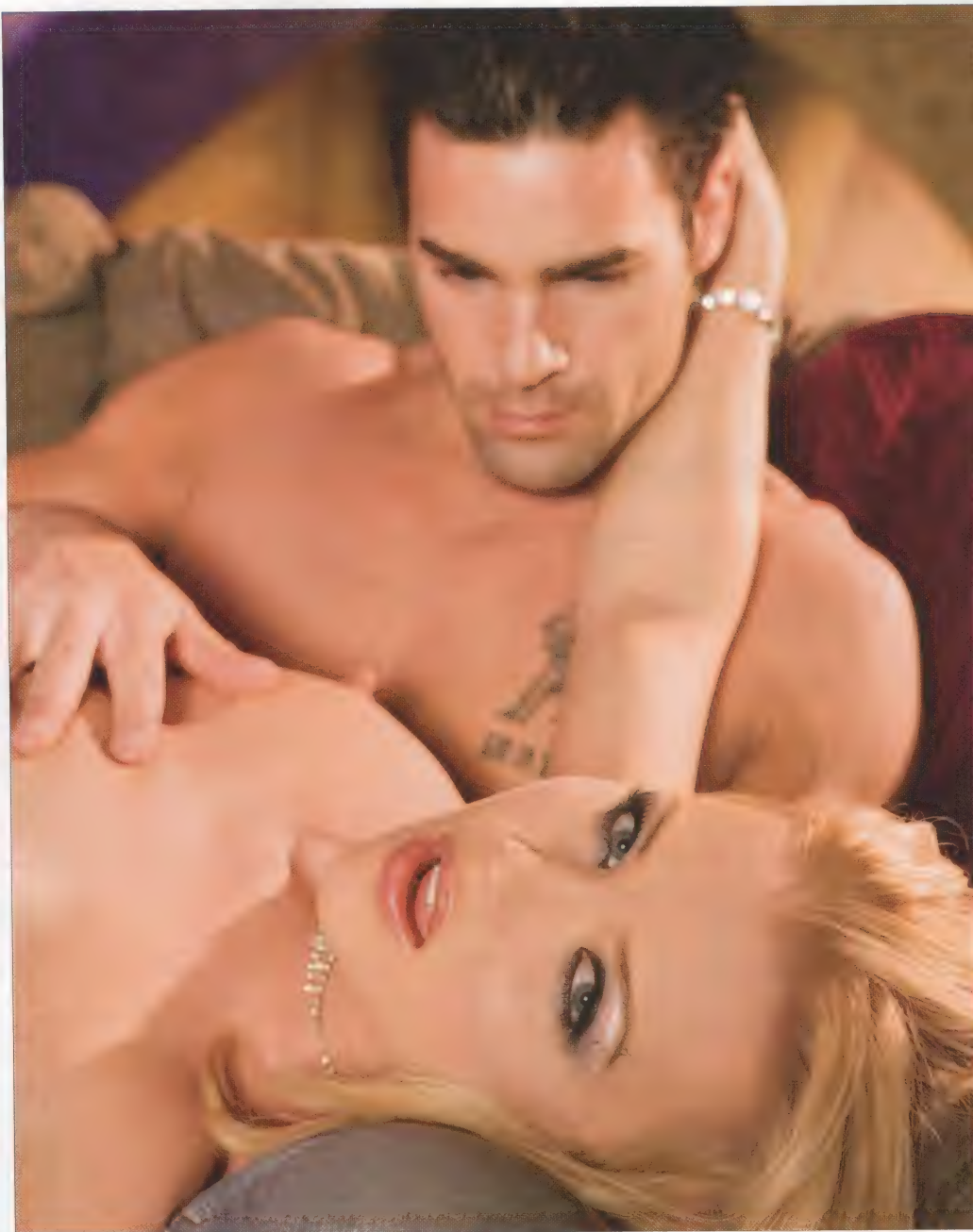
"Doesn't that help with the friction?"

"Oil?" she asked. "You didn't even believe me when I told you I could do this, and now you want oil?"

"Actually, I *do* know a little something about massage therapy," I said, giving her my best smile. "Why don't I give you a back rub and you can tell me if I have any talent?"

"Okay, but let's do this right!" She gave me a wicked smile while steering me into her bedroom. "You'd better be as good as you think you are!"

"Why don't you get comfortable



and we'll get started?" She left the room and returned wearing a short robe. She turned her back to me and let the robe fall to the floor. The only thing she was wearing underneath was a tiny pink thong. She crossed her arms over her breasts and lay face-down on the bed.

"There's some oil on the night stand," she said. I grabbed the bottle, knelt beside her, and poured some on her back, spreading it over her skin. She closed her eyes, smiled, and murmured, "Mmm...."

I began to knead and massage her shoulder muscles and neck, working my way down her spine and toward her ribs. Her large breasts squeezed out from beneath her, and I slid my hands along them as I worked.

"You've got great hands," she said.

I continued down toward her hips, and she arched her back as I pressed my thumbs into her flesh. As I worked on her lower back and thighs, I had a clear view of her pussy and the thin thread of her thong.

"Raise your hips for me, Andie," I said. She did and I pulled off her thong. She lay there breathing heavily as I drizzled oil between her ass

cheeks and followed it with my fingers until I was massaging her pussy and she was grinding her hips into the bed. She pressed back against my hand in rhythm with my strokes.

Suddenly, she was up on her knees, still pushing back against my hand. She moaned when my finger slid into her cleft and over her clit. I moved my hand back and inserted my thumb into her vagina. She pushed back further and gasped, bucking her hips up and down as I worked her G spot with my thumb. After a few minutes of moving against my thumb, she turned over, giving me the first full glimpse of those wonderful breasts, and said, "Fuck me."

She pushed back further and gasped, bucking her hips up and down as I worked her G spot with my thumb.

I stripped off my pants and aimed my cock at her entrance. She began moving and thrusting her hips, trying to get my cock inside. Finally, I gave her what she craved and surged into her, watching her tits bounce and quiver with every stroke. We hadn't been going at it very long when she came, creaming my cock and the sheets. I slowed my stroking as her orgasm wound down.

"Did you come?" she whispered.

"Not yet," I said, "so you still have quite a night ahead of you."

We fucked away what was left of the night, and as luck would have it, she was multi-orgasmic. Women like that do wonders for a guy's ego. After a while, I let her ride me and watched those big tits bounce in front of my face. Every so often her body would tense before she came, then tremble and shudder. Then I discovered how much she loved having my finger up her ass while she rode my cock; it seemed to intensify and prolong her orgasms even more.

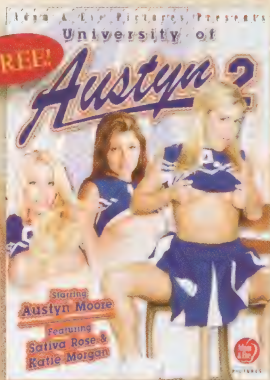
"Oh, God, that feels so good, Trent," Andie moaned.

I made two or three deep strokes and felt my orgasm build in my balls.

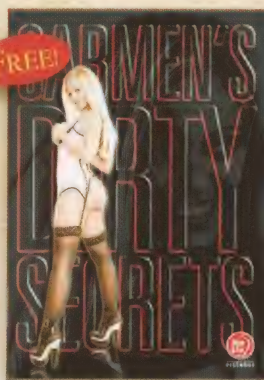
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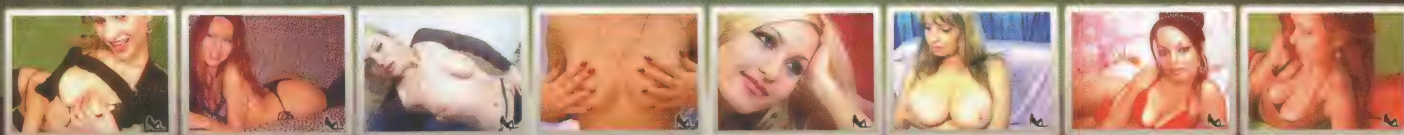
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I had been fucking her for some time and the pressure made it impossible for me to hold out any longer.

"Andie, I'm coming!" I groaned. She arched her back and readied herself for my load. I felt the contractions start, grabbed her hips, and slammed into her one more time before I exploded deep inside her. She collapsed on top of me and we lay there catching our breath.

I awoke later and pulled the sheet over us. Andie moaned in her sleep, wiggled her ass, and snuggled up to my belly. We spent the night that way, waking up to kiss and snuggle. In the morning, Andie rolled over, stretching.

"So, how'd you like your massage?" I asked, pulling her close.

"You have good hands," she said, "but I still owe you a massage."

"No time like the present," I said. "And if you're really good, I have a few moves you haven't seen yet!" —T.M., South Dakota

Finally, I gave her what she craved and surged into her, watching her tits bounce and quiver with every stroke.

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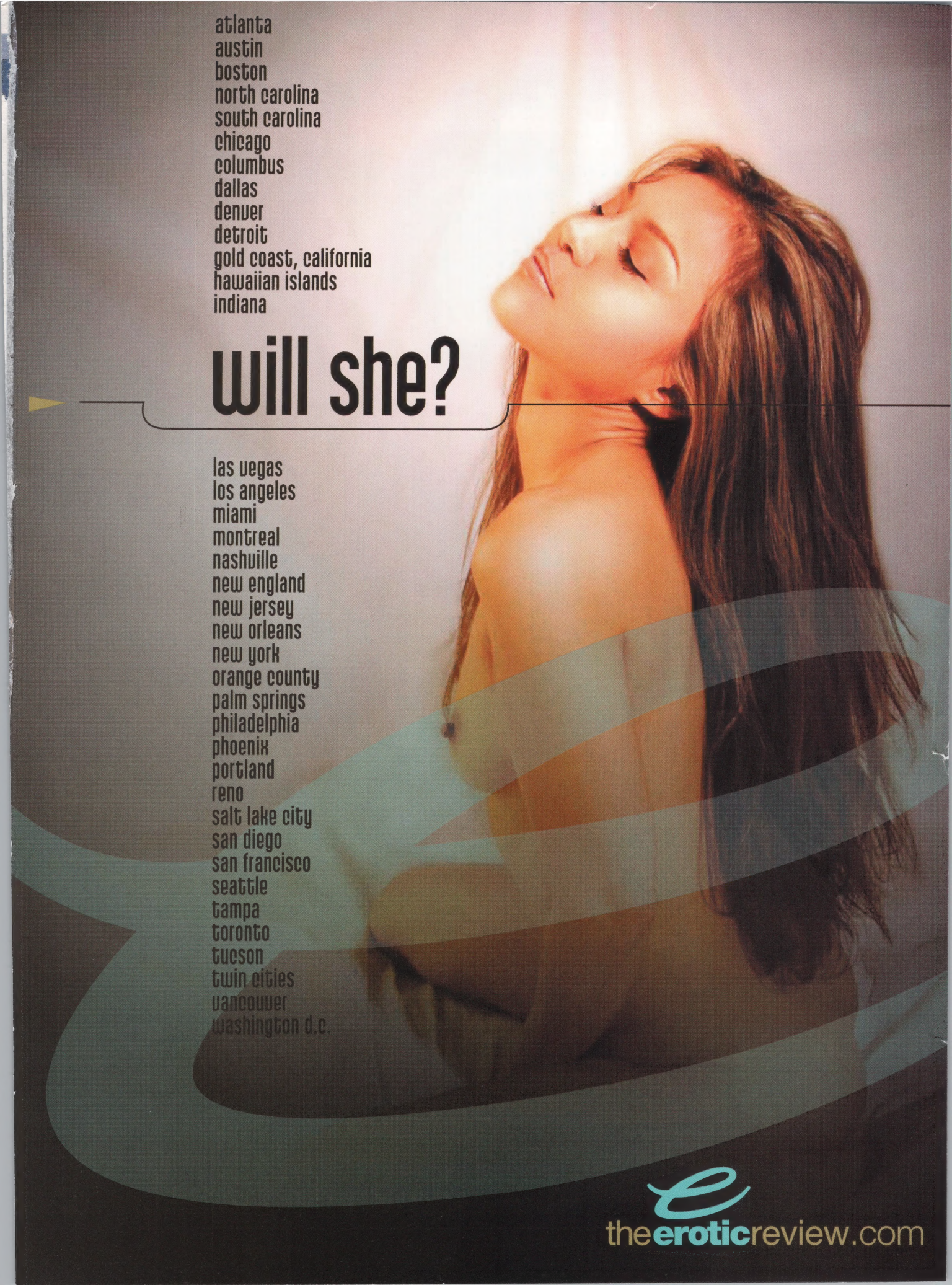
Alexis Love

Now that we've celebrated our 2008 Pet of the Year, Erica Ellyson, we're ready to go public with the name of her second in command: Justine Joli. We're prepping a new pictorial that will give you a fresh look at our 2008 Pet of the Year Runner-Up. She'll be joined in these pages by our favorite new centerfold, 19-year-old Pet of the Month Alexis Love, and the always

popular Shay Laren, who takes her busty beauty into the shower with Ashlynn Brooke. Of course, that's not all, but if you want to find out who the pinups to be named later are, you'll just have to pick up our next issue. 

Pet of the Year
Runner-Up
Justine Joli

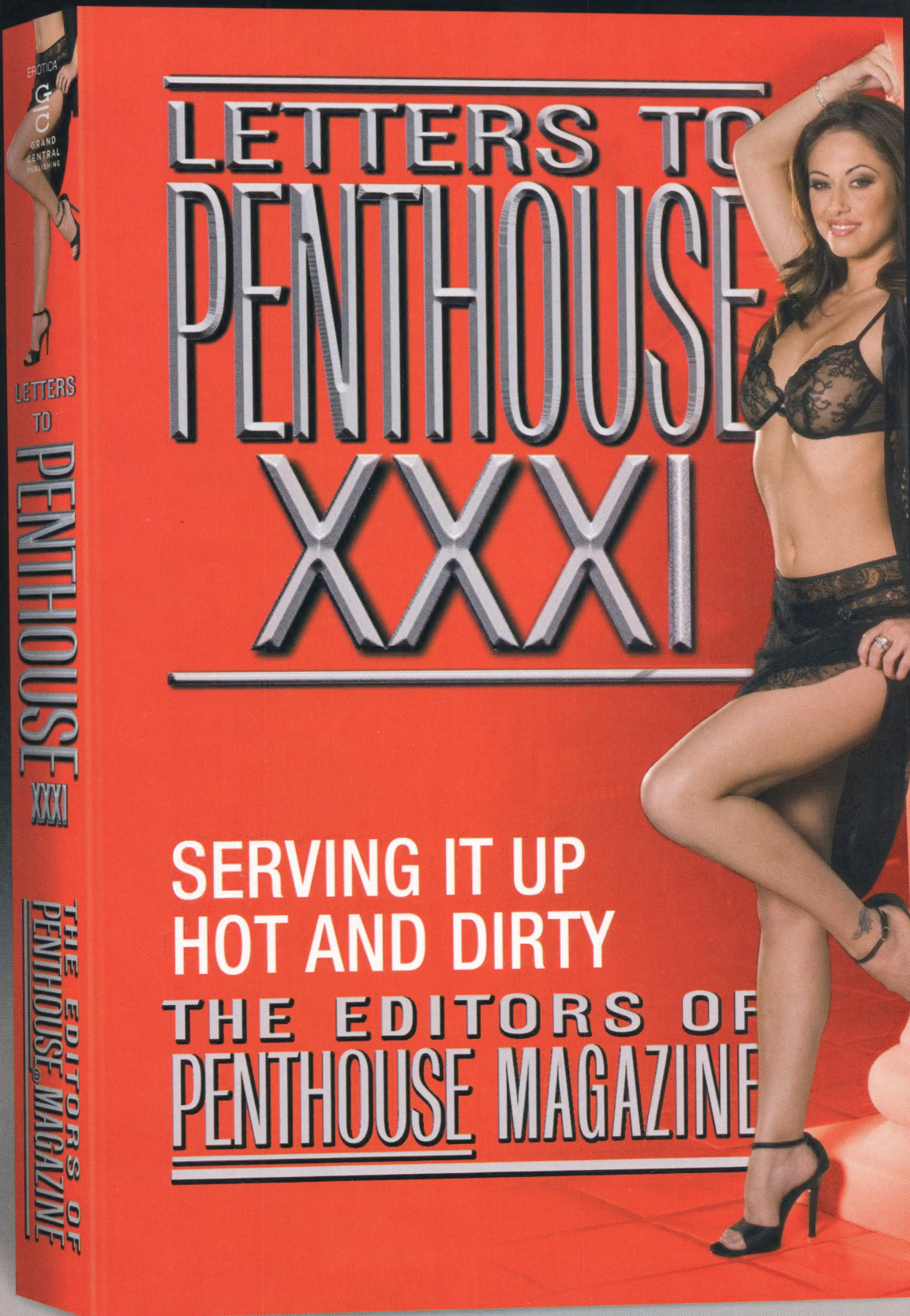




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